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Shakespeare

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SIX
OLD PLAYS,
ON WHICH
SHAKSPEARE
FOUNDED HIS

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
TAMING THE SHREW.
KING JOHN.
K. HENRY IV. AND K. HENRY V.
KING LEAR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

LONDON,
Printed for S. LEACROFT, Charing-Croſs:
And ſold by J. NICHOLS, Red-Lion Paſſage, Fleet-ſtreet;
T. EVANS, in the Strand; and H. PAYNE, Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXIX.

ГОЮДОЙ

ЛОГЛИЕЙ

ІЙЛМОЛАОГЛЙДЕЅ

KIMCTETS

K. HENRY III. AND K. HENRY V.

KING JOHN.

LAYING THE SNARE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

FOUNDED HIS

ЅНАКЅБЕЙКБ

ОЙ ШЙІСЙ

ОГDЬГЧЛ?

ХІЅ

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF K. JOHN.
THE FAMOUS VICTORIES OF HENRY V.
THE TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF KING LEIR,
AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS, GONORILL,
RAGAN, AND CORDELLA.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA.
MONACENSIS.

THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

Troubleſome RAIGNE of KING JOHN.

CONTAINING

The Entrance of LEWIS the *French* Kings Sonne:

WITH THE

Poyſoning of King JOHN by a Monke.

KINGS JOHN

THE

THE SECOND PART

OF THE TROUBLESOME

RAIGNE OF KING JOHN.

CONTAINING

The Entrance of Lewis the *French* Kings Sonne:

WITH THE

Poyſoning of King John by a Monke.

Enter yong Arthur *on the walls.*

NOW help good hap to further mine entent,
Croſſe not my youth with any more extremes:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles have an end.
Feare gins diſſwade the ſtrength of my reſolve,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no queſtion death is next:
Better deſiſt, and live in priſon ſtill.
Priſon ſaid I? nay, rather death than ſo:

Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter ſure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and bruſing his bones, after he was from his traunce, ſpeakes thus;

Hoe, who is nigh? ſome bodie take me up.
Where is my mother? let me ſpeake with her.
Who hurts me thus? ſpeake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers ſonne.
How will ſhe weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burſt.
Sweete *Jeſu* ſave my ſoule, forgive my raſh attempt,
Comfort my mother, ſhield her from deſpaire,
When ſhee ſhall heare my tragycke overthrowe.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forſake my bruſed trunke,
I die I die, heaven take my fleeting ſoule,
And lady mother all good hap to thee. [*He dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſburie, Eſſex.

Eſſex.

My lords of *Pembroke* and of *Saliſburie*,
We muſt be carefull in our policie,
To undermine the keepers of this place,
Elſe ſhall we never find the princes grave.

Pembroke.

My lord of *Eſſex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not cloſely done.
But who is this? lo lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life ſhin'd like the mornings bluſh,
Caſt out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beaſts to gorge upon.

Saliſburie.

O ruthfull ſpectacle! O damned deed!
My ſinewes ſhake, my very heart doth bleed.

Eſſex.

Leave childiſh teares brave lords of *England*,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eies ſhould conduit forth a ſea of teares.
If ſobs would helpe, or ſorows ſerve the turne,
My heart ſhould volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootleſſe were't to breath as many ſighes
As might eclipſe the brighteſt ſommers ſunne,
Here reſts the helpe, a ſervice to his ghoſt.
Let not the tyrant cauſer of this dole,
Live to triumph in ruthfull maſſacres,
Give hand and heart, and *Engliſhmen* to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake us of theſe harmes.

Pembroke.

The beſt advice: but who comes poſting here?

Enter Hubert.

Right noble lords, I ſpeake unto you all,
The king entreats your ſooneſt ſpeed
To viſit him, who on your preſent want,
Did ban and curſe his birth, himſelfe and me,
For executing of his ſtrict command.
I ſaw his paſſion, and at fitteſt time,
Aſſur'd him of his couſins being ſafe,
Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
He craves your company my lords in haſte,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* ſtraight,
Who is in health under my cuſtody.

Eſſex.

In health baſe villaine, were't not I leave the crime
To Gods revenge, to whom revenge belongs,
Here ſhould'ſt thou periſh on my rapiers point.
Call'ſt thou this health? ſuch health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hubert.

My lords, but heare me ſpeake, and kil me then,
If here I left not this yong prince alive,
Maugre the haſtie edict of the king,
Who gave me charge to put out both his eyes,

That

That God that gave me living to this houre,
Thunder revenge upon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earneſt love,
So God love me, and then I ſhall be wel.

Saliſbury.

Hence traytor hence, thy counſel is herein.

[*Exit* Hubert.

Some in this place appointed by the king,
Have throwne him from this lodging here above,
And ſure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.

Eſſex.

How ſay you lords, ſhal we with ſpeed diſpatch
Under our hands a packet into *France*,
To bid the *Dolphin* enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull ſtrength thereto.
Beſides, the Pope, on peril of his curſe,
Hath bard us of obedience unto *John*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true deſcent,
The holy charge that we receiv'd from *Rome*,
Are weightie reaſons, if you like my reed,
To make us all perſever in this deed.

Pembroke.

My lord of *Eſſex*, well have you advis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Saliſbury.

And *Saliſbury* will not gaineſay the ſame:
But aide that courſe as farre forth as he can.

Eſſex.

Then each of us ſend ſtraight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterpriſe:
And let us all yclad in palmers weed,
The tenth of *April* at S. *Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare ſecrecie and aid to this adviſe.
Meane while, let us convey this body hence,
And give him buriall, as befits his ſtate,
Keeping his months mind, and his obſequies
With ſolemne interceſſion for his ſoule.
How ſay you lordings, are you all agreed?

Pembroke.

Pembroke.

The tenth of *April* at S. *Edmunds Burie*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex.

Then let us all convey the body hence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter K. John, *with two or three, and the prophet.*

John.

Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That every object these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *John* feare not then
The prodigies this pratling prophet threats.
Tis come indeed: ah were it fully past,
Then were I careleſſe of a thousand feares.
The diall tels me, it is twelve at noone.
Were twelve at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remove the sunne from our meridian,
Unto the mooneſted circle of th' *Antipodes*,
As turne this steele from twelve to twelve agen,
Then *John*, the date of fatall prophecies,
Should with the prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*
Peter, unsay thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the crowne of *England* here I sweare,
To make thee great, and greateſt of thy kin.

Peter.

King *John*, although the time I have prescrib'd
Be but twelve houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *John* shall not be king as heretofore.

John.

Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance so soone,
To set a king beside his regall seat?

My

My heart is good, my body paſſing ſtrong,
My land in peace, my enemies ſubdu'd,
Onely my barons ſtorme at *Arthurs* death,
But *Arthur* lives, I there the challenge growes,
Were he diſpatch'd unto his longeſt home,
Then were the king ſecure of thouſand foes.
Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my lords?

Hubert.

Hard newes my lord, *Arthur* the lovely prince,
Seeking to eſcape over the caſtle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the curſed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead, and breathleſſe quite.

John.

Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more wordes hang the prophet.
Away with *Peter*, villain out of my ſight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not ſpeake a word.
Now *John*, thy feares are vaniſht into ſmoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltleſſe of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I ſtrived for a crowne,
I could have well affoarded to thine age,
Long life, and happineſſe to thy content.

Enter the Baſtard.

John.

Philip what newes with thee?

Baſtard.

The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wiſht like fortune to befall us all:
And with that word, the rope his lateſt friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

John.

There let him hang, and be the ravens food,
While *John* triumphs in ſpite of prophecies.
But whats the tydings from the popelings now?
What ſay the monkes and prieſts to our proceedings?
Or where's the barons that ſo ſuddainely
Did leave the king upon a falſe ſurmiſe?

Baſtard.

Baſtard.

The prelates ſtorme and thirſt for ſharp revenge:
But pleaſe your majeſtie, were that the worſt,
Is little ſkild: a greater danger growes,
Which muſt be weeded out by carefull ſpeed,
Or all is loſt, for all is leveld at.

John.

More frights and feares! what ere thy tidings be,
I am prepar'd: then *Philip*, quickly ſay,
Meane they to murder, or impriſon me,
To give my crowne away to *Rome* or *France*;
Or will they each of them become a king?
Worſe than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Baſtard.

Not worſe my lord, but every whit as bad.
The nobles have elected *Lewis* king,
In right of lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected every houre,
The nobles, commons, clergie, all eſtates,
Incited chiefly by the cardinall,
Pandulph that lies here legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to ſee their new elected king.
And for undoubted proofe, ſee here my liege,
Letters to me from your nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action:
Who under ſhew of fained holineſſe,
Appoint their meeting at S. *Edmunds Burie*.
There to conſult, conſpire, and conclude
The overthrowe and downefall of your ſtate.

John.

Why ſo it muſt be: one houre of content,
Match'd with a month of paſſionate effects.
Why ſhines the ſunne to favour this conſort?
Why doe the winds not break their brazen gates,
And ſcatter all theſe perjur'd complices,
With all their counſels, and their damned drifts?
But ſee the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them;
The heaven, the earth, the ſunne, the moone and all,
Conſpire with thoſe confederates my decay.

Then

Then hell for me, if any power be there,
Forſake that place, and guide me ſtep by ſtep,
To poyſon, ſtrangle, murder in their ſteps
Theſe traytors: oh that name is too good for them,
And death is eaſie: is there nothing worſe,
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
What ſaiſt thou *Philip?* why aſſiſts thou not?

Baſtard.

Theſe curſes (good my lord) fit not the ſeaſon:
Help muſt deſcend from heaven againſt this treaſon?

John.

Nay thou wilt prove a traytor with the reſt,
Goe get thee to them, ſhame come to you all.

Baſtard.

I would be loath to leave your highneſſe thus,
Yet you command, and I, though griev'd, will goe.

John.

Ah *Philip*, whither go'ſt thou? come againe.

Baſtard.

My lord, theſe motions are as paſſions of a mad man.

John.

A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
My heart is maz'd, my ſences all foredone.
And *John* of *England* now is quite undone.
Was ever king as I oppreſt with cares?
Dame *Elianor* my noble mother queene,
My onely hope and comfort in diſtreſſe,
Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the pope,
All churches curſt, their doores are ſealed up,
And for the pleaſure of the *Romiſh* prieſt,
The ſervice of the higheſt is neglected,
The multitude (a beaſt of many heads)
Doe wiſh confuſion to their ſoveraigne:
The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
Aſſemble powers to beate mine empire downe,
And more than this, elect a forrein king.
O *England*, wert thou ever miſerable,
King *John* of *England* ſees thee miſerable:
John, tis thy ſinnes that makes it miſerable,

Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Philip, as thou haſt ever lov'd thy king,
So ſhow it now: poſt to S. *Edmunds Burie*,
Diſſemble with the nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their divelliſh plots, and damned deviſes.
Though *John* be faultie, yet let ſubjects beare,
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though ſhee were unnaturall,
Is better than the kindeſt ſtep-dame is:
Let never *Engliſhman* truſt forraine rule.
Then *Philip* ſhew thy fealty to thy king,
And mongſt the nobles plead thou for the king.

Baſtard.

I goe my lord: ſee how he is diſtraught,
This is the curſed prieſt of *Italy*
Hath heap'd theſe miſchiefes on this hapleſſe land.
Now *Philip*, hadſt thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then might'ſt thou hope to plead with good ſucceſſe. [*Exit.*

John.

And art thou gone? ſucceſſe may follow thee:
Thus haſt thou ſhew'd thy kindneſſe to thy king.
Sirra, in haſte goe greet the cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the legat from the Pope.
Say that the king deſires to ſpeake with him.
Now *John* bethinke thee how thou maiſt reſolve:
And if thou wilt continue *Englands* king,
Then caſt about to keepe thy diadem;
For life and land, and all is leveld at.
The pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cauſe,
He curſeth thee, he ſets thy ſubjects free
From due obedience to their ſoveraigne:
He animates the nobles in their warres,
He gives away the crowne to *Philips* ſonne,
And pardons all that ſeeke to murther thee:
And thus blind zeale is ſtill predominant.
Then *John* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
But finely to diſſemble with the pope:
That hand that gave the wound muſt give the ſalve
To cure the hurt, elſe quite incurable.
Thy ſinnes are farre too great to be the man

T'aboliſh

T'aboliſh pope, and poperie from thy realme:
But in thy ſeate, if I may gueſſe at all,
A king ſhall raigne that ſhall ſuppreſſe them all.
Peace *John*, here comes the legate of the pope,
Diſſemble thou, and whatſoere thou ſai'ſt,
Yet with thy heart wiſh their confuſion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pandulph.

Now *John*, unworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'ſt oppugne againſt thy mother church:
Why am I ſent for to thy curſed ſelfe?

John.

Thou man of God, vicegerent for the pope,
The holy vicar of S. *Peters* church,
Upon my knees, I pardon crave of thee,
And doe ſubmit me to the ſee of *Rome*,
And vow for penance of my high offence,
To take on me the holy croſſe of Chriſt,
And carry armes in holy chriſtian warres.

Pandulph.

No *John*, thy crowching and diſſembling thus
Cannot deceive the legate of the pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy crowne and kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curſt without redemption.

John.

Accurſt indeede to kneele to ſuch a drudge,
And get no help with thy ſubmiſſion,
Unſheathe thy ſword, and ſley the miſprowd prieſt
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie king:
No *John*, ſubmit againe, diſſemble yet,
For prieſts and women muſt be flattered.
Yet holy father thou thy ſelfe doſt know,
No time too late for ſinners to repent,
Abſolve me then, and *John* doth ſweare to do
The uttermoſt what ever thou demaundſt.

Pandulph.

John, now I ſee thy hearty penitence,
I rew and pitty thy diſtreſt eſtate,

One

One way is left to reconcile thy ſelfe,
And onely one which I ſhall ſhew to thee.
Thou muſt ſurrender to the ſee of *Rome*
Thy crowne and diadem, then ſhall the pope
Defend thee from th'invaſion of thy foes.
And where his holineſſe hath kindled *Fraunce*,
And ſet thy ſubjects hearts at warre with thee,
Then ſhall he curſe thy foes, and beate them downe,
That ſeeke the diſcontentment of the king.

John.

From bad to worſe, or I muſt looſe my realme,
Or give my crowne for penance unto *Rome*:
A miſerie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What, ſhall I give my crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

Enter Meſſenger.

Pleaſe it your majeſtie, there is deſcried on the coaſt of *Kent* an hundred ſayle of ſhips, which of all men is thought to be the *French* fleet, under the conduct of the *Dolphin*, ſo that it puts the countrey in a mutiny, ſo they ſend to your grace for ſuccour.

K. John.

How now lord Cardinal, what's your beſt adviſe?
Theſe mutinies muſt be allaid in time,
By policy or headſtrong rage at leaſt.
O *John*, theſe troubles tyre thy wearied ſoule,
And like to *Luna* in a ſad eclipſe,
So are thy thoughts and paſſions for this newes.
Well may it be, when kings are grieved ſo,
The vulgar ſort worke princes overthrowe.

Cardinal.

K. *John*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This ſtrange annoyance happens to thy land:
But yet be reconcil'd unto the church,
And nothing ſhall be grievous to thy ſtate.

John.

Oh *Pandulph*, be it as thou haſt decreed,
John will not ſpurne againſt thy ſound adviſe,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My realme ſhall flouriſh, and my crowne in peace.

Enter the nobles, Pembrooke, Eſſex, Cheſter, Bewchampe, Clare, *with others.*

Pembrooke.

Now ſweet S. *Edmund* holy ſaint in heaven,
Whoſe ſhrine is ſacred, high eſteem'd on earth,
Infuze a conſtant zeale in all our hearts,
To proſecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* ſay, what friends have you procur'd.

Bewchampe.

The L. *Fitz Water*, L. *Percie*, and L. *Roſſe*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leventh houre.

Eſſex.

Under the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
By that ſame houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantaginet, a bird of ſwifteſt wing,
Lord *Euſtace*, *Veſcy*, lord *Creſſy*, and lord *Mowbrey*,
Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* ſhrine.

Pembrooke.

Untill their preſence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweet complices in holy chriſtian acts,
That venture for the purchaſſe of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high reſolve,
That pawne their bodies for their ſoules regard.

Eſſex.

Now wanteth but the reſt to end this worke,
In pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong henee, with ſwift unwoonted pace,
May be they are the perſons you expect.

Pembrooke.

With ſwift unwoonted gate, ſee what a thing is zeale,
That ſpurs them on with fervence to this ſhrine,
Now joy come to them for their true intent:
And in good time, here come the war-men all,

That

That ſweat in body by the minds diſeaſe:
Hap and harts-eaſe brave lordings be your lot.

Enter the Baſtard Philip, &c.

Amen my lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that travell in a chriſtian cauſe.

Eſſex.

Cheerely repli'd brave branch of kingly ſtocke,
A right *Plantagenet* ſhould reaſon ſo.
But ſilence lords, attend our commings cauſe:
The ſervile yoke that pained us with toyle,
On ſtrong inſtinct hath fram'd this conventicle,
To eaſe our necks of ſervitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our reſt,
Which of you all ſo barren in conceipt,
As cannot levell at the man I meane?
But leſt enigma's ſhadow ſhining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
Th'effect of this reſort importeth this,
To root and cleane extirpate tyrant *John*,
Tyrant I ſay, appealing to the man,
If any here that loves him, and I aſke,
What kindſhip, lenitie, or chriſtian raigne,
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?
Firſt I inferre the *Cheſters* baniſhment:
For reprehending him in moſt unchriſtian crimes,
Was ſpeciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the divell ſhould be ſav'd,
But this the leaſt of many thouſand faults,
That circumſtance with leiſure might diſplay.
Our private wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in preſence, but for ſome great cauſe
Might wiſh to him as to a mortall foe.
But ſhall I cloſe the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of chriſtian men,
His couſins death, that ſweet unguiltie child,
Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Here are my proofes, as cleere as gravel brooke,
And on the ſame I further muſt inferre,

That who upholds a tyrant in his courſe,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To ſhew the which, is yet to be deſcrib'd.
My lord of *Pembrooke*, ſhewe what is behinde,
Onely I ſay, that were there nothing elſe
To moove us, but the popes moſt dreadfull curſe,
Whereof we are aſſured, if we faile,
It were enough to inſtigate us all,
With earneſtneſſe of ſprite, to ſeeke a meane
To diſpoſſeſſe *John* of his regiment.

Pembrooke.

Well hath my lord of *Eſſex* told his tale,
Which I averre for moſt ſubſtantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I ſay that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an uncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our *Engliſh* crowne.
Short tale to make, the ſea apoſtolike,
Hath offerd diſpenſation for the fault.
If any be, as truſt me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the uſurpers roome:
This is the cauſe of all our preſence here,
That on the holy altar we proteſt,
To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for *England*.
What ſay you lords?

Saliſburie.

As *Pembrooke* ſaith, affirmeth *Saliſburie*:
Faire *Lewis* of *France* that ſpouſed lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an uncontrouled ſtrength
To *England*, and what longeth to the crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpoſe, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inveſt him as we may deviſe,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants ſtead:
And ſo the warrant on the altar ſworne,
And ſo the intent for which we hither came.

Baſtard.

My lord of *Saliſburie*, I cannot couch
My ſpeeches with the needfull words of arte,

As

As doth beſeeme in ſuch a waightie worke,
But what my conſcience and my duty will,
I purpoſe to impart.
For *Cheſters* exile, blame his buſie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any private cauſes that you have,
Me thinke they ſhould not mount to ſuch a height,
As to depoſe a king in their revenge.
For *Arthurs* death, K. *John* was innocent,
He deſperate was the deathſman to himſelfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime, injuſtly do impute to his defalt,
But wher fel traitoriſme hath reſidence,
There wants no words to ſet deſpight on worke.
I ſay tis ſhame, and worthy all reprooſe,
To wreſt ſuch petty wrongs in tearms of right,
Againſt a king annointed by the lord.
Why *Salſburie*, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet ſubjects may not take in hand revenge,
And rob the heavens of their proper power,
Where ſitteth he to whom revenge belongs.
And doth a pope, a prieſt, a man of pride,
Give charters for the lives of lawfull kings?
What can he bleſſe, or who regards his curſe,
But ſuch as give to man, and take from God?
I ſpeake it in the ſight of God above,
There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
But ſels his ſoule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leave God, kill *John*, pleaſe hell,
Make havocke of the welfare of your ſoules,
For here I leave you in the ſight of heaven,
A troope of traytors, food for helliſh fiends;
If you deſiſt, then follow me as friends,
If not, then doe your worſt, as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alaſſe tis too too lame,
A ſenſleſſe claime, if truth be titles friend.
In briefe, if this be cauſe of our reſort,
Our pilgrimage is to the divels ſhrine.
I came not lords, to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counſell in ſo bad a cauſe:

Pleaſe you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my king, and you where traytors pleaſe. [*Exit.*

Percie.

A hot yong man, and ſo my lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better loſt than found.

Pembrooke.

What ſay you lords, will all the reſt proceed,
Will you all with me ſweare upon the altar,
That you wil to the death, be aid to *Le.* and enemy to *John?*
Every man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord,
Wel then, every man to armes to meet the king,
Who is already before *London.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Pembrooke.

What newes herauld?

Meſſenger.

The right chriſtian prince my maſter, *Lewis* of *France*, is at hand, coming to viſit your honours, directed hither by the right honourable *Richard* earle of *Bigot*, to conferre with your honours.

Pembrooke.

How neere is his highneſſe?

Meſſenger.

Ready to enter your preſence.

Enter Lewis, *earle* Bigot, *with his troupe.*

Lewis.

Faire lords of *England*, *Lewis* ſalutes you all
As friends, and firme wel-willers of his weale
At whoſe requeſt, from plentie flowing *France*,
Croſſing the ocean with a ſoutherne gale,
He is in perſon come at your commands,
To undertake and gratifie withall,
The fulneſſe of your favours profferd him.
But worlds brave men, omitting promiſes,
Till time be miniſter of more amends,
I muſt acquaint you with our fortunes courſe.
The heavens dewing favours on my head,
Have in their conduct ſafe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,

With

With ſmall repulſe, and little croſſe of chance.
Your citie *Rocheſter*, with great applauſe,
By ſome divine inſtinct laid armes aſide:
And from the hollow holes of *Thameſis*,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Vive le Roy*.
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To *Troynouant*, your faire metropolis,
With lucke came *Lewis*, to ſhew his troupes of *France*,
Waving our enſignes with the dallying winds,
The fearefull object of fell frowning warre;
Where after ſome aſſault, and ſmall defence,
Heavens may I ſay, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compaſſe of their high built wals,
Giving me title, as it ſeemd they wiſh.
Thus fortune (lords) acts to your forwardneſſe,
Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I live but to requite you all,
Worlds wiſh were mine, in dying noted yours.

Saliſbury.

Welcom the balme that cloſeth up our wounds,
The ſoveraigne medcine for our quicke recure,
The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
Whereon depends our lives, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as ſheepe without their heird,
(Except a ſhepheard winking at the wolfe)
We ſtray, we pine, we run to thouſand harmes.
No marvell then, though with unwonted joy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lewis.

Thanks to you all of this religious league,
A holy knot of catholike conſent.
I cannot name you lordings, man by man,
But like a ſtranger unacquainted yet,
In generall I promiſe faithfull love:
Lord *Bigot* brought me to S. *Edmunds* ſhrine,
Giving me warrant of a chriſtian oath,
That this aſſembly came devoted here,
To ſweare according as your packets ſhow'd,
Homage and loyall ſervice to our ſelfe,

I need not doubt the ſuretie of your wils,
Since well I know, for many of your ſakes,
The townes have yeelded on their own accords:
Yet for a faſhion, not for miſbeleefe,
My eyes muſt witneſſe, and theſe eares muſt heare
Your oath upon the holy altar ſworne,
And after march, to end our commings cauſe.

Salſbury.

That we intend no other than good truth,
All that are preſent of this holy league,
For confirmation of our better truſt,
In preſence of his highneſſe, ſweare with me,
The ſequel that myſelfe ſhall utter here.

I *Thomas Plantaginet*, earle of *Saliſburie*, ſweare upon the altar, and by the holy army of ſaints, homage and allegeance to the right chriſtian prince *Lewis* of *France*, as true and right-full king to *England*, *Cornewall*, and *Wales*, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I upon the holy altar ſweare all forwardneſſe. [*All the* Eng. *Lo. ſweare.*

As the noble earle hath ſworne, ſo ſweare we all.

Lewis.

I reſt aſſured on your holy oath,
And on this altar in like ſort I ſweare
Love to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your good wils unto the full.
And ſince I am at this religious ſhrine,
My good wel-willers give us leave a while,
To uſe ſome orizons our ſelves apart,
To all the holy company of heaven,
That they will ſmile upon our purpoſes,
And bring them to a fortunate event.

Saiſbury.

We leave your highneſſe to your good intent.

[*Excunt lords of* Englan.

Lewis.

Now vicount *Meloun*, what remains behind?
Truſt me theſe traytors to their ſoveraigne ſtate,
Are not to be beleev'd in any ſort.

Meloun.

Indeed my lord, they that infringe their oths,
And play the rebels gainſt their native king,

Will for as little cauſe revolt from you,
If ever opportunitie incite them ſo:
For once forſworne, and never after ſound,
There's no affiance after perjury.

Lewis.

Well *Meloun*, wel, let's ſmooth with them awhile,
Untill we have as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while wee'l uſe them as a pretious poyſon,
To undertake the iſſue of our hope.

Fr. Lord.

Tis policy (my lord) to baite our hookes
With merry ſmiles, and promiſe of much weight:
But when your highneſſe needeth them no more,
'Tis good make ſure worke with them, leſt indeede
They proove to you as to their naturall king.

Meloun.

Truſt mee my lord, right well have you adviſde,
Venome for uſe, but never for a ſport
Is to be dallied with, leſt it infect.
Were you inſtald, as ſoone I hope you ſhall:
Be free from traitors, and diſpatch them all.

Lewis.

That ſo I meane, I ſweare before you all
On this ſame altar, and by heavens power,
Theres not an *Engliſh* traitor of them all,
John once diſpatcht, and I faire *Englands* king,
Shall on his ſhoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts deſert:
Nor ſhall their heires injoy their ſeigniories,
But periſh by their parents foule amiſſe.
This have I ſworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come unto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and ſweare the ſame with me.

[*The* French *lords ſweare.*

Why ſo, now call them in, and ſpeake them faire,
A ſmile of *Fraunce* will feed an *Engliſh* foole.
Beare them in hand as friends, for ſo they be:
But in the heart like traitors as they are.

Enter

Enter the Engliſh *lords.*

Now famous followers, chiefetaines of the world,
Have we ſollicited with hearty prayer
The heaven in favour of our high attempt.
Leave we this place, and march we with our power
To rowſe the tyrant from his chiefeſt hold:
And when our labours have a proſprous end,
Each man ſhall reape the fruit of his deſert.
And ſo reſolv'd, brave followers let us hence.

Enter K. John, Baſtard, Pandulph, *and a many prieſts with them.*

Pandulph.

Thus *John*, thou art abſolv'd from all thy ſinnes,
And freed by order from our fathers curſe.
Receive thy crowne againe, with this proviſo,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome.*

John.

I holde the ſame as tenant to the pope,
And thanke your holineſſe for your kindneſſe ſhewne.

Philip.

A proper jeſt, when kings muſt ſtoop to friers,
Need hath no law, when friers muſt be kings.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger.

Pleaſe it your majeſtie, the prince of *France*,
With all the nobles of your graces land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they ſet their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Dover* caſtle, which is hard beſieg'd.

Pandulph.

Feare not king *John*, thy kingdome is the popes,
And they ſhall know his holineſſe hath power,
To beate them ſoone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums

Drums and trumpets. *Enter* Lewes, Melun, Saliſbury, Eſſex, Pembrooke, *and all the nobles from* Fraunce *and* England.

Lewes.

Pandulph, as gave his holineſſe in charge,
So hath the *Dolphin* muſtred up his troupes,
And wonne the greateſt part of all this land.
But ill becomes your grace lord Cardinall,
Thus to converſe with *John* that is accurſt.

Pandulph.

Lewes of *France*, victorious conqueror,
Whoſe ſword hath made this iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardneſſe to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my lord, K. *John* is now abſolv'd,
The Pope is pleaſde, the land is bleſt agen,
And thou haſt brought each thing to good effect.
It reſteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the pope would wiſh thee doe.

Lewes.

But all's not done that *Lewes* came to do.
Why *Pandulph*, hath king *Philip* ſent his ſonne
And beene at ſuch exceſſive charge in warres,
To be diſmiſt with words? king *John* ſhall know,
England is mine, and he uſurps my right.

Pandulph.

Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices
Upon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curſe,
That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
And yeeld up *London* and the neighbour townes
That thou haſt tane in *England* by the ſword.

Melun.

Lord Cardinall by *Lewes* princely leave,
It can be nought but uſurpation
In thee, the pope, and all the church of *Rome*,
Thus to inſult on kings of *Chriſtendome*,
Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leave their armes.
This muſt not be: prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,
Let pope and popelings curſe their bellies full.

Baſtard.

Baſtard.

My lord of *Melun*, what title had the prince
To *England* and the crowne of *Albion*,
But ſuch a title as the pope confirm'd:
The prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewes is but the agent for the pope,
Then muſt the *Dolphin* ceaſe, ſith he hath ceaſt:
But ceaſe or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my lords and barons of the land
Will leave the *French*, and cleave unto our king.
For ſhame yee peeres of *England* ſuffer not
Your ſelves, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with reſolved thoughts beate backe the *French*,
And free the land from yoke of ſervitude.

Saliſbury.

Philip, not ſo, lord *Lewes* is our king,
And wee will follow him unto the death.

Pandulph.

Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curſe the prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell peeres
As traitors to the king and to the pope.

Lewes.

Pandulph, our ſwords ſhall bleſſe our ſelves agen:
Prepare thee *John*, lords follow me your king. [*Exeunt.*

John.

Accurſed *John*, the divell owes thee ſhame,
Reſiſting *Rome*, or yeelding to the pope, all's one.
The divell take the pope, the peeres, and *Fraunce:*
Shame be my ſhare for yeelding to the prieſt.

Pandulph.

Comfort thy ſelfe king *John*, the cardnall goes
Upon his curſe to make them leave their armes. [*Exit.*

Baſtard.

Comfort my lord, and curſe the cardinall,
Betake your ſelfe to armes, my troupes are preſt
To anſwer *Lewes* with a luſtie ſhocke:
The *Engliſh* archers have their quivers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are preſt to puſh:
Good cheere my lord, king *Richards* fortune hangs
Upon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.

Then

Then let them know his brother and his ſonne
Are leaders of the *Engliſhmen* at armes.

John.

Philip, I know not how to anſwer thee:
But let us hence, to anſwer *Lewes* pride.

Excurſions. Enter Meloun *with* Engliſh *lords.*

Meloun.

O I am ſlaine, nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My ſoule is charged, heare me: for what I ſay
Concerns the peeres of *England*, and their ſtate.
Liſten, brave lords, a fearefull mourning tale
To be delivered by a man of death.
Behold theſe ſcarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* priſon houſe?
Lifes charter (lordings) laſteth not an houre:
And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me give phyſicke to a ſickely ſoule.
O peeres of *England*, know you what you do?
There's but a haire that ſunders you from harme,
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And ſimply you runne doating to your deaths.
But leſt I die, and leave my tale untolde,
With ſilence ſlaughtering ſo brave a crew,
This I averre, if *Lewes* winne the day,
There's not an *Engliſhman* that lifts his hand
Againſt king *John* to plant the heire of *France*,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd; my ſelfe amongſt the reſt
Swore on the altar aide to this edict.
Two cauſes lords, makes me diſplay this drift,
The greateſt for the freedome of my ſoule,
That longs to leave this manſion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall inſtinct,
For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*.
Miſdoubt not lords the truth of my diſcourſe,
No frenſie, nor no brainſicke idle fit,
But well adviſde, and wotting what I ſay,
Pronounce I here before the face of heaven,

That

That nothing is diſcovered but a truth.
Tis time to flie, ſubmit your ſelves to *John*,
The ſmiles of *Fraunce* ſhade in the frownes of death,
Lift up your ſwords, turne face againſt the *French*,
Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
Your ſeate, your nurſe, your birth dayes breathing place,
That bred you, beares you, brought you up in armes.
Ah! be not ſo ingrate to digge your mothers grave,
Preſerve your lambes and beate away the wolfe.
My ſoule hath ſaid, contritions penitence
Laies hold on mans redemption for my ſinne.
Farewell my lords; witneſſe my faith when we are met in heaven,
And for my kindneſſe give me grave roome here.
My ſoule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.

Salſbury.

Now joy betide thy ſoule well-meaning man,
How now my lords, what cooling carde is this?
A greater griefe growes now than earſt hath beene.
What counſell give you, ſhall we ſtay and die?
Or ſhall we home, and kneele unto the king.

Pembrooke.

My heart miſgave this ſad accurſed newes:
What have we done? fie lords, what frenſie moved
Our hearts to yeeld unto the pride of *Fraunce?*
If we perſever, we are ſure to die:
If we deſiſt, ſmall hope againe of life.

Salſbury.

Beare hence the body of this wretched man,
That made us wretched with his dying tale,
And ſtand not wayling on our preſent harmes,
As women wont: but ſeeke our harmes redreſſe.
As for my ſelfe, I will in haſte be gone:
And kneele for pardon to our ſoveraign *John*.

Pemboooke.

I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the *French* that would confound us all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter king John *carried betweene two lords.*

John.

Set downe, ſet downe the loade not worth your paine,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe:
Sickely and ſuccourleſſe, hopeleſſe of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I have wearied it:
It loathes I live, I live and loathe my ſelfe.
Who pities me? to whom have I beene kinde?
But to a few; a few will pitie me.
Why die I not? death ſcornes ſo vilde a prey.
Why live I not, life hates ſo ſad a prize.
I ſue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

Philip.

How fares my lord, that he is carried thus?
Not all the aukeward fortunes yet befalne,
Made ſuch impreſſion of lament in me.
Nor ever did my eye attaint my heart
With any object mooving more remorſe,
Than now beholding of a mighty king,
Borne by his lords in ſuch diſtreſſed ſtate.

John.

What newes with thee? if bad, report it ſtraight:
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Philip.

Such as it is, and heavy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
Once will I breathe to aggravate the reſt,
Another moane to make the meaſure full.
The braveſt bow-man had not yet ſent forth
Two arrowes from the quiver at his ſide,
But that a rumor went throughout our campe,
That *John* was fled, the king had left the field.
At laſt the rumor ſcal'd theſe eares of mine,
Who rather choſe as ſacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominous ſcandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the prince of *Troy*
His weary followers againſt the *Mermidons*,

Crying alowd, S. *George*, the day is ours.
But feare had captivated courage quite,
And like the lambe before the greedie wolfe,
Se heartleſſe fled our war-men from the field.
Short tale to make, my ſelfe amongſt the reſt,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had ſhadowed all the earth.
With ſable curtaines of the blackeſt hue,
And fenc'd us from the furie of the *French*,
As *Io* from the jealous *Junoes* eie,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Paſſing the waſhes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And ſwallowed up the moſt of all our men,
My ſelfe upon a galloway right free, well pac'd,
Out ſtript the flouds that followed wave by wave,
I ſo eſcap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

John.

Griefe upon griefe, yet none ſo great a griefe
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was ever any ſo infortunate,
The right idea of a curſed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for deſpight,
My fever growes, what ague ſhakes me ſo?
How farre to *Swinſtead*, tell me, do you know?
Preſent unto the abbot word of my repaire.
My ſickneſſe rages, to tyrannize upon me,
I cannot live unleſſe this fever leave me.

Philip.

Good cheere my lord, the abbey is at hand,
Behold my lord, the churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monkes.

Abbot.

All health and happines to our ſoveraigne lord the king.

John.

Nor health nor happines hath *John* at all.
Say abbot, am I welcome to thy houſe?

Abbot.

Such welcome as our abbey can afford,
Your majeſtie ſhall be aſſured of.

Philip.

The king thou ſeeſt is weake and very faint,
What victuals haſt thou to refreſh his grace?

Abbot.

Good ſtore my lord, of that you need not feare,
For *Lincolneſhire*, and theſe our abbey grounds
Were never fatter, nor in better plight.

John.

Philip, thou never needſt to doubt of cates,
Nor king nor lord is ſeated halfe ſo well,
As are the abbeis throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do paſſe another,
The friers faſten on it ſtrait:
But let us in to taſte of their repaſt,
It goes againſt my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to ſuch abbey groomes. [*Exeunt.*

Manet the Monke.

Monke.

Is this the king that never lov'd a frier?
Is this the man that doth contemne the pope?
Is this the man that rob'd the holy church?
And yet will flie unto a friory?
Is this the king that aymes at abbeis lands?
Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
And yet will flie unto a friorie?
Accurſt be *Swinſtead* abbey, abbot, friers,
Monkes, nunnes, and clarks, and all that dwells therein,
If wicked *John* eſcape alive away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heaven,
And be canonized for a holy ſaint:
To pleaſe the world with a deſerving worke,
Be thou the man to ſet thy countrey free,
And murder him that ſeekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot.

Why are not you within to cheere the king?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke.

What if I ſay to ſtrangle him in his ſleepe?

Abbot.

What, at thy *Mumpſimus?* away,
And ſeeke ſome meanes for to paſtime the king.

Monke.

Ile ſet a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot.

Alas, what meanes this monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place.

Monke.

Ile poyſon him, and it ſhall ne'r be knowne,
And then ſhall I be chiefeſt of my houſe.

Abbot.

If I were dead indeed he is the next,
But Ile away, for why the monke is mad,
And in his madneſſe he will murder me.

Monke.

My L. I cry your lordſhip mercy, I ſaw you not.

Abbot.

Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou ſhalt have my place with thouſand thanks.

Monke.

I murder you! God ſhield from ſuch a thought.

Abbot.

If thou wilt needs, yet let me ſay my prayers.

Monke.

I will not hurt your lordſhip good my lord: but if you pleaſe,
I will impart a thing that ſhall be beneficiall to us all.

Abbot.

Wilt thou not hurt me holy monke? ſay on.

Monke.

You know my lord, the king is in our houſe.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

You know likewiſe the king abhorres a frier.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

And he that loves not a frier is our enemy.

Abbot.

Thou ſaiſt true.

Monke.

Then the king is our enemy.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

Why then ſhould we not kil our enemy, and the king being our enemy, why then ſhould we not kill the K.

Abbot.

O bleſſed monke! I ſee God moves thy minde to free this land from tyrants ſlavery.
But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monke.

Who dare? why I my lord dare do the deed,
Ile free my country and the church from foes,
And merit heaven by killing of a king.

Abbot.

Thomas kneele downe, and if thou art reſolv'd,
I will abſolve thee here from all thy ſinnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for every month,
Our friers ſhall ſinge a maſſe for *Thomas* ſoule.

Monke.

God and S. *Francis* proſper my attempt,
For now my lord I goe about my worke. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewes *and his armie.*

Lewes.

Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong *Lodowike*,
The *Engliſhmen* as danted at our ſight,
Fall as the fowle before the eagles eies,
Onely two croſſes of contrary change

Do nip my heart, and vex me with unreſt.
Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my ſoule,
A braver man did never live in *Fraunce*.
The other griefe, I that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Dover* caſtle ſhould hold out
Gainſt all aſſaults, and reſt impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus Hectors* ſonne,
Triumph in conqueſt of that tyrant *John*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conqueſt of the other part,
We have the face of all the *Engliſh* lords,
What then remaines but overrunne the land?
Be reſolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune ſerve as ſhee begins,
The pooreſt peſant of the realme of *France*
Shal be a maſter ore an *Engliſh* lord.

Enter a meſſenger.

Lewes.

Fellow, what newes?

Meſſenger.

Pleaſeth your grace, the earle of *Salſbury*, *Penbrooke*, *Eſſex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the barons that did fight for thee, are on a ſodaine fled with all their powers, to joyne with *John*, to drive thee backe againe.

Enter another meſſenger.

Meſſenger.

Lewes my lord, why ſtandſt thou in a maze?
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
For all thy forces being fiftie ſaile,
Containing twenty thouſand ſouldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callis* in unluckie time,
Did croſſe the ſeas, and on the *Goodwin* ſands,
The men, munition, and the ſhips are loſt.

Enter another meſſenger.

Lewes.

More newes? ſay on.

Meſſenger.

Messenger.

John (my lord) with all his ſcattered troups,
Flying the fury of your conquering ſword,
As *Pharaoh* earſt within the bloody ſea,
So he and his environed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* waſhes all were overwhelmed,
The barons fled, our forces caſt away.

Lewes.

Was ever heard ſuch unexpected newes?

Messenger.

Yet *Lodowike* revive thy dying heart,
King *John* and all his forces are conſumde.
The leſſe thou needſt the aid of *Engliſh* earles,
The leſſe thou needſt to grieve thy navies wracke,
And follow times advantage with ſucceſſe.

Lewes.

Brave *Frenchmen* arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewes*, who will leade you on
To chaſe the barons power that wants a head,
For *John* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* king.
Though our munition and our men be loſt,
Philip of *Fraunce* will ſend us freſh ſupplies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two friers laying a cloth.

Frier.

Diſpatch, diſpatch, the king deſires to eate,
Would a might eate his laſt for the love he bears to church men.

Frier.

I am of thy mind too, and ſo it ſhould be and we might be our owne carvers.
I marvell why they dine here in the orchard.

Frier.

I know not, nor I care not. The king comes.

John.

Come on lord *Abbot*, ſhall we ſit together?

Abbot.

Pleaſeth your grace ſit downe.

John.

Take your places ſirs, no pomp in penury, all beggers and friends may come, where neceſſitie keepes the houſe, curteſie is barr'd the table, ſit downe *Philip*.

Baſtard.

My lord, I am loth to allude ſo much to the proverb, honors change maners: a king is king, though fortune do her worſt, and we as dutifull in deſpite of her frowne, as if your highnes were now in the higheſt tipe of dignitie.

John.

Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of dignity, you'l marre my appetite in a ſurfet of ſorrow.
What cheere lord *Abbot*, me thinks ye frown like an hoſt that knows his gueſt hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abbot.

No my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine ſo mighty a gueſt as your majeſtie.

Baſtard.

I think rather, my lord *Abbot*, you remember my laſt being here, when I went in progreſſe for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to ſhew he hath not forgot me.

Abbot.

Not ſo my lord, you, and the meaneſt follower of his majeſty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke.

Waſſell my liege, and as a poore monke may ſay, welcome to *Swinſtead*.

John.

Begin monke, and report hereafter thou waſt taſter to a king.

Monke.

As much health to your highneſſe as mine owne heart.

John.

I pledge thee kind monke.

Monke.

The merrieſt draught that ever was drunke in *England*.
Am I not too bold with your highneſſe?

John.

Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke.

If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proofe: why ſo it workes.

John.

Stay *Philip*, where's the monke?

Baſtard.

Baſtard.

He is dead my lord.

John.

Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Baſtard.

What cheere my liege? your collor gins to change.

John.

So doth my life: O *Philip*, I am poiſon'd.
The monke, the divell, the poyſon gins to rage,
It will depoſe my ſelfe a king from raigne.

Baſtard.

This abbot hath an intereſt in this act.
At all adventures take thou that from me.
There lie the abbot, abbey, lubber, divell.
March with the monke unto the gates of hell.
How fares my lord?

John.

Philip, ſome drinke, oh for the frozen *Alpes*,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace ſeven-fold hote.
To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forſake their proper power,
Onely the heart impugnes with faint reſiſt
The fierce invade of him that conquers kings,
Helpe God, O paine! die *John*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous ſinnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a grave,
My legges diſdaine the carriage of a king.

Baſtard.

A good my liege, with patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

John.

Me thinkes I ſee a catalogue of ſinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The leaſt enough to looſe my part in heaven.
Me thinkes the divell whiſpers in mine eares,
And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I muſt be damn'd for *Arthurs* ſodaine death,
I ſee I ſee a thouſand thouſand men
Come to accuſe me for my wrong on earth,

And there is none ſo mercifull a God
That will forgive the number of my ſinnes.
How have I liv'd, but by anothers loſſe?
What have I lov'd, but wracke of others weale?
Where have I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where have I done a deede deſerving well?
How, what, when, and where, have I beſtow'd a day,
That tended not to ſome notorious ill?
My life repleate with rage and tyrannie,
Craves little pittie for ſo ſtrange a death.
Or, who will ſay that *John* deceaſde too ſoone?
Who will not ſay, he rather liv'd too long?
Diſhonour did attaint me in my life,
And ſhame attendeth *John* unto his death.
Why did I ſcape the fury of the *French*,
And dide not by the temper of their ſwords?
Shameleſſe my life, and ſhamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, diſdained of my friends.

Baſtard.

Forgive the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on *Chriſt*, who is your lateſt friend.

John.

My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *John* did yeeld unto the prieſt of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his have proſpred on the earth:
Curſt are his bleſſings, and his curſe is bliſſe.
But in the ſpirit I crie unto my God,
As did the kingly prophet *David* cry,
(Whoſe hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he ſhall build the lord a houſe,
Or roote theſe locuſts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceive me not,
From out theſe loynes ſhall ſpring a kingly braunch
Whoſe armes ſhall reach unto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treades downe the ſtrumpets pride,
That ſits upon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart ſtrings breake, the poyſons flame
Hath overcome in me weake natures power,
And in the faith of *Jeſu John* doth die.

Baſtard.

Baſtard.

See how he ſtrives for life, unhappy lord,
Whoſe bowels are divided in themſelves.
This is the fruit of poperie, when true kings
Are ſlaine and ſhouldred out by monkes and friers.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger.

Pleaſe it your grace, the barons of the land,
Which all this while bare armes againſt the king,
Conducted by the legate of the Pope,
Together with the prince his highneſſe ſonne,
Do crave to be admitted to the preſence of the king.

Baſtard.

Your ſonne, my lord, young *Henry* craves to ſee
Your majeſtie, and brings with him beſide
The barons that revolted from your grace.
O piercing ſight, he ſumbleth in the mouth,
His ſpeech doth faile: lift up your ſelfe my lord,
And ſee the prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, *yong* Henry, *the barons with daggers in their hands.*

Prince.

O let me ſee my father ere he die:
O uncle, were you here, and ſuffred him
To be thus poyſned by a damned monke?
Ah he is dead, father, ſweet father ſpeake.

Baſtard.

His ſpeach doth faile, he haſteth to his end.

Pandulph.

Lords, give me leave to joy the dying king,
With ſight of theſe his nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer up
Their lives for ranſome of their foule offence.
Then good my lord, if you forgive them all,
Lift up your hand in token you forgive.

Saliſbury.

We humbly thanke your royall majeſtie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her king:

And

And in the ſight of *John* our ſoveraigne lord,
In ſpite of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*,
Who hitherward are marching in all haſte,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers ſted.

Henry.

Help, help, he dies; ah father! looke on mee.

Legate.

K. *John*, farewell: in token of thy faith,
And ſigne thou dieſt the ſervant of the lord,
Lift up thy hand, that we may witneſſe here,
Thou diedſt the ſervant of our ſaviour Chriſt.
Now joy betide thy ſoule: what noiſe is this?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger.

Help lords, the *Dolphin* maketh hitherward
With enſignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie ſtandeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their leaders will commaund.

Baſtard.

Let's arme our ſelves in yong K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of *Fraunce* to ſea againe.

Legate.

Philip not ſo, but I will to the prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Baſtard.

Lord *Salſbury*, your ſelfe ſhall march with me,
So ſhall we bring theſe troubles to an end.

King.

Sweet uncle, if thou love thy ſoveraigne,
Let not a ſtone of *Swinſtead* abbey ſtand,
But pull the houſe about the friers eares:
For they have kill'd my father and my king. [*Excunt.*

A parley ſounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Saliſbury, *&c.*

Pandulph.

Lewes of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry Englands* king
Requires to know the reaſon of the claime

That

That thou canſt make to any thing of his.
King *John* that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathleſſe trunke in preſence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now ſucceeded in his fathers roome.

Henry.

Lewes, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
To keepe poſſeſſion of my lawfull right?
Anſwere; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
And make ſurrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of ſword:
I tell thee *Dolphin*, *Henry* feares thee not,
For now the barons cleave unto their king,
And what thou haſt in *England* they did get.

Lewes.

Henry of *England*, now that *John* is dead,
That was the chiefeſt enemie to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.
But *Salſbury*, and you barons of the realme,
This ſtrange revolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* altare lately ſware.

Salſbury.

Nor did the oath your highneſſe there did take
Agree with honour of the prince of *Fraunce*.

Baſtard.

My lord, what anſwer make you to the king?

Dolphin.

Faith *Philip* this I ſay: it bootes not me,
Nor any prince, nor power of *Chriſtendome*,
To ſeeke to win this iland *Albion*,
Unleſſe he have a partie in the realme
By treaſon for to help him in his warres.
The peeres which were the partie on my ſide,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the realme.

Henry.

On what conditions will your highnes yeeld?

Lewes.

That ſhall we thinke upon by more advice.

Baſtard.

Baſtard.

Then kings and princes, let theſe broils have end,
And at more leiſure talke upon the league.
Meane while to *Worſter* let us beare the king,
And there interre his bodie, as beſeemes.
But firſt, in ſight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the crowne, and ſet it on his head,
That by ſucceſſion is our lawfull king.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
And bloodie warres are cloſed with happie league.
Let *England* live but true within it ſelfe,
And all the world can never wrong her ſtate.
Lewes, thou ſhalt be bravely ſhipt to *Fraunce*,
For never *Frenchman* got of *Engliſh* ground
The twentith part that thou haſt conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worſter* we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your ſoveraigne
With obſequies of honour to his grave:
If *Englands* peeres and people joyne in one,
Nor pope, nor *France*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.

FINIS.

THE

THE

FAMOUS VICTORIES

OF

HENRY THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

The Honourable Battell of AGIN-COURT.

As it was acted by the Kinges Majeſties Servants.

LONDON,

Imprinted by *Barnard Alſop*, and are to be ſold by *Tymothie Barlow*, at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Bull-head.

HENRY THE FIELD

OF

FAMOUS ANECDOTES

THE

FAMOUS VICTORIES

OF

HENRY THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

The Honourable Battell of AGIN-COURT.

Enter the young Prince, Ned, *and* Tom.

Henry the Fifth.

COME away *Ned* and *Tom.*

Both.

Here my lord.

Henry 5.

Come away my lads.
Tell me firs, how much gold have you got.

Ned.

Faith my lord, I have got five hundred pound.

Henry 5.

But tell me *Tom*, how much haſt thou got?

Tom.

Faith my lord, ſome foure hundred pound.

Henry 5.

Foure hundred pounds, bravely ſpoken lads.
But tell me firs, thinke you not that it was a vaillainous part of me to rob my fathers receyvers?

Ned.

Ned.

Why, no my lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Henry 5.

Faith *Ned*, thou ſayeſt true.
But tell me firs, where abouts are we?

Tom.

My lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Henry 5.

But firs, I marvell that Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Comes not away: ſounds ſee where he comes.

Enters Jockey.

How now *Jockey*, what newes with thee?

Jockey.

Faith my lord, ſuch newes as paſſeth,
For the towne of *Detfort* is riſen,
With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from us the laſt night,
And has ſet upon, and hath robd a poore carrier.

Henry 5.

Sownes, the villaine that was wont to ſpie
Out our booties.

Jockey.

I my lord, even the very ſame.

Henry 5.

Now baſe-minded raſcall to rob a poore carrier,
Well it ſkils not, ile ſave the baſe villaines life:
I, I may: but tell me *Jockey*, whereabout be the receyvers.

Jockey.

Faith my lord, they are hard by,
But the beſt is, we are a horſe backe, and they be a foote,
So we may eſcape them.

Henry 5.

Well, I the villaines come, let mee alone with them.
But tell me *Jockey*, how much gots thou from the knaves,
For I am ſure I got ſomething, for one of the villaines
So belamde me about the ſhoulders,
As I ſhall feele it this moneth.

Jockey.

Faith my lord, I have got a hundred pound.

Henry 5.

A hundred pound, now bravely ſpoken *Jockey*:
But come firs, lay all your money before me,
Now by heaven here is a brave ſhew:
But as I am true gentleman, I will have the halfe
Of this ſpent to night, but firs, take up your bags:
Here comes the Receyvers, let me alone.

Enters two Receyvers.

One.

Alas good fellow, what ſhall we doe?
I dare never go home to the court, for I ſhall be hangde,
But here is the yong Prince, what ſhall we do?

Henry 5.

How now you villaines, what are you?

One Receyver.

Speake you to him.

Other.

No I pray, ſpeake you to him.

Henry.

Why how now you raſcals, why ſpeake you not?

One.

Forſooth we be, pray ſpeake you to him.

Henry 5.

Sowns, villaines ſpeake, or ile cut off your heads.

Other.

Forſooth he can tell the tale better then I.

One.

Forſooth we be your fathers Receyvers.

Henry 5.

Are you my fathers Receyvers.
Then I hope yee have brought me ſome money.

One.

Money: alaſſe ſir wee be robd.

Henry 5.

Robd, how many were there of them?

One.

Marry ſir there were foure of them,
And one of them had Sir *John Oldcaſtles* bay Hobbey,
And your blacke nag.

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds how like you this *Jockey*,
Blood you villaines: my father robd of his money abroad,
And we in our ſtables.
But tell me how many were there of them.

One Receyver.

If it pleaſe you, there were foure of them,
And there was one about the bigneſſe of you:
But I am ſure I ſo belamde him about the ſhoulders,
That he will feele it this moneth.

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds you lambde them fairely,
So that they have carryed away your money.
But come ſirs what ſhall we doe with the villaines.

Both Receyvers.

I beſeech your grace be good to us.

Ned.

I pray you my Lord forgive them this once.
Well ſtand up and get you gone,
And looke that you ſpeake not a word of it,
For if there be, ſownes ile hang you and all your kin.

[*Exit Purſevant.*

Henry 5.

Now ſirs, how like you this;
Was not this bravely done:
For now the villaines dare not ſpeake a word of it,
I have ſo feared them with words.
Now whether ſhall we go.

All.

Why my lord, you know our old Hoſteſſe at *Feverſham*.

Henry 5.

Our Hoſteſſe at *Feverſham*, bloud what ſhall we doe there, we have a thouſand pound about us.
And we ſhall go to a petty Alehouſe.
No, no: you know the old Taverne in Eaſtcheape,
There is good wine: beſides there is a prety wench
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their tongues,
As any part about them.

All.

We are ready to wayte upon your grace.

Henry

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,
We are all fellowes, I tell you ſirs, and the King my father were dead, wee would be all Kings,
Therefore come away.

Ned.

Gogs wounds, bravely ſpoken *Harry*.

Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Coſtermonger.

John Cobler.

All is well here, all is well Maſters.

Robin.

How ſay you, neighbour *John Cobler?*
I think it beſt that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding-lane end,
And we will watch here at Billinſgate ward.
How ſay you neighbour *Robin*, how like you this?

Robin.

Marry well neighbours:
I care not much if I go to Pudding-lane end.
But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haſte: and if I heare any adoe about you,
I will come to you. [*Exit* Robin.

Lawrence.

Neighbor what news heare you of the yong Prince?

John.

Marry neighbour, I heare ſay, he is a toward young Prince,
For if he meet any by the high way,
He will not let to talke with him,
I dare not call him theefe, but ſure he is one of theſe taking fellowes.

Lawrence.

Indeed neighbour, I heare ſay hee is as lively
A young Prince as ever was.

John.

I, and I heare ſay, if he uſe it long,
His father will cut him off from the crowne;
But neighbour ſay nothing of that.

Lawrence.

No, no, neighbour I warrant you.

John.

Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to ſleepe,
If you will, we will ſit downe,
Fot I thinke it is about midnight.

Lawrence.

Marry content neighbour, let us ſleepe.

Enter Dericke *roving.*

Dericke.

Who, who there, who there? [*Exit* Dericke.

Enter Robin.

Robin.

O neighbours, what meane you to ſleepe,
And ſuch adoe in the ſtreetes?

Ambo.

How now neighbour, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke *againe.*

Dericke.

Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler.

Why, what ayleſt thou? here is no horſes.

Dericke.

O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?

Robin.

Hold him neighbour *Cobler.*

Cobler.

Why I ſee thou art a plaine clowne.

Dericke.

Am I a clowne, ſownes maſters,
Do clownes goe in ſilke apparrel.
I am ſure all we gentlemen clownes in *Kent* ſcant goe ſo well:
Sounes you know clownes very well.
Heare you, are you Maſter Conſtable, and you be ſpeake:
For I will not take it at his hands.

John.

Faith I am not Maſter Conſtable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

[*Dericke.*

Dericke.

Is not maſter Conſtable here?
Well it is no matter, Ile have the law at his hands.

John.

Nay I pray you do not take the law of us.

Dericke.

You are one of his beaſtly officers.

John.

I am one of his bad officers.

Dericke.

Why then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler.

Nay but heare yee ſir, you ſeeme to be an honeſt
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night,
And we would be loath to have any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it up.

Dericke.

Firſt, thou ſayeſt true, I am an honeſt fellow,
And a proper handſome fellow too,
And you ſeem to be poore men, therfore I care not greatly,
Nay I am quickly pacified,
But and you chance to ſpie the theefe,
I pray you lay hold on him.

Robin.

Yes that we will, I warrant you.

Dericke.

Tis a wonderfull thing to ſee how glad the knave is, now I have forgiven him.

John.

Neighbours, doe yee looke about you,
How now, who's there?

Enter the theefe.

Theefe.

Here is a good fellow. I pray you which is the way to the olde Taverne in Eaſtcheape.

Dericke.

Whoope hollo, now *Gadshill*, knoweſt thou mee?

Theefe.

I know thee for an aſſe.

Dericke.

And I know thee for a taking fellow.
Upon Gads hill in Kent.
A bots light upon you.

Theefe.

The worſon villaine would be knockt.

Dericke.

Maſters, villaine, and ye be men ſtand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not paſſe you.

John.

My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now.

Theefe.

It is not too late for true men to walke.

Lawrence.

We know thee not to be a true man.

Theefe.

Why what doe you meane to doe with me?
Sounes I am one of the Kings liege people.

Dericke.

Heare you ſir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theefe.

I marry am *I* ſir, what ſay you to it?

Dericke.

Marry ſir, I ſay you are one of the Kings filching people.

Cobler.

Come, come, lets have him away.

Theefe.

Why what have *I* done.

Robin.

Thou haſt robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe.

I never ſaw him before.

Dericke.

Maiſters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy.

Boy.

How now good man Cobler?

Cobler.

Cobler.

How now *Robin*, what makes thou abroade
At this time of night?

Boy.

Marrie I have bene at the Counter,
I can tell ſuch newes as never you have hearde the like.

Cobler.

What is that *Robin*, what is the matter?

Boy.

Why this night about two houres agoe, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good ſtore, and then they ſent for a noyſe of muſitians, and were very merry for the ſpace of an houre, then whether their muſicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew againſt the walls, and then they drewe their ſwords, and went into the ſtreet and fought, and ſome tooke one part, and ſome tooke another, but for the ſpace of halfe an houre, there was ſuch a bloody fray as paſſeth, and none could parte them untill ſuch time as the Mayor and Sheriffe were ſent for, and then at laſt, with much adoo, they tooke them, and ſo the young Prince was carryed to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a meſſenger from the court in all haſte, from the King, for my Lorde Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cauſe I know not.

Cobler.

Here is newes indeed *Robert.*

Lawrence.

Marry Neighbour, this newes is ſtrange indeede, I thinke it beſt Neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellow firſt.

Theefe.

What meane you to doo with me?

Cobler.

Wee meane to carry you to the priſon, and there to remaine till the ſeſſions day.

Theefe.

Then I pray you let me go to the priſon where my maiſter is.

Cobler.

Nay, thou muſt goe to the countrey priſon, to Newgate, therefore come away.

Theefe.

I prethee be good to me honeſt fellow.

Dericke.

I marry will I, ile be very charitable to thee,
For I wil never leave thee, til I ſee thee on the gallows.

Enter Henry *the fourth, with the Earle of* Exeter, *and the Lord of* Oxford.

Oxford.

And pleaſe your majeſtie, here is my Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffe of London, to ſpeake with your majeſtie.

K. Henry 4.

Admit them to our preſence.

Enter the L. Mayor, and the Sheriffe.

King.

Now my good Lord Mayor of London,
The cauſe of my ſending for you at this time, is to tell you of a matter which I have learned of my councell: herein I underſtand, that you have committed my ſonne to priſon without our leave and licenſe. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to give occaſion, yet you might have conſidered that he is a Prince, and my ſonne, and not to be halled to priſon by every ſubject.

Mayor.

May it pleaſe your majeſtie to give us leave to tell our tale?

K. Henry 4.

Or elſe God forbid, otherwiſe you might thinke me an unequall judge, having more affection to my ſonne, then to any rightfull judgement.

Mayor.

Then I do not doubt but we ſhal rather deſerve commendations at your majeſties hands, then any anger.

K. Henry 4.

Go to, ſay on.

Mayor.

Then if it pleaſe your majeſtie, this night betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning my Lord the yong Prince with a very diſordred company, came to the old Taverne in *Eaſtcheape*, and whether it was that their *muſick* liked them not,

not, or whether they were overcom with wine, I know not, but they drue their ſwords, and into the ſtreete they went; and ſome took my L. the yong Princes part, and ſom tooke the other, but betwixt them there was ſuch a bloudie fray for the ſpace of halfe an houre, that neyther watchmen, nor any other could ſtay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of *London* and I were ſent for, and at the laſt, with much ado we ſtayed them, but it was long firſt, which was a great diſquieting to all your loving ſubjects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had ſent them to trie us, whether we would do juſtice, or whether it were of their own voluntary will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in ſuch a caſe we knew not what to doe, but for our owne ſafegard we ſent him to ward, wher he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace and your majeſties ſon. And thus moſt humbly beſeeching your majeſty to thinke of our anſwere.

Henry 4.

Stand aſide untill we have further deliberated on your anſwere. [*Exit Maior.*

Ah *Harry*, *Harry*, now thrice accurſed *Harry*,
That hath gotten a ſonne, which with griefe
Will end his fathers dayes.
O my ſonne, a Prince thou art, *I* a Prince in deed,
And to deſerve impriſonment,
And well they have done, and like faithfull ſubjects:
Diſcharge them and let them goe.

L. Exeter.

I beſeech your grace be good to my Lorde the young Prince.

Henry 4.

Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. Oxford.

Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe have beene too preciſe in this matter.

Henry 4.

No, they have done like faithfull ſubjects,
I will goe my ſelfe to diſcharge them, and let them go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter lord Chiefe Juſtice, Clarke of the Office, Jayler, John Cobler, Dericke, *and the Theefe.*

Judge.

Jayler bring the priſoner to the barre.

Dericke.

Heare you my Lorde, I pray you bring the barre to the priſoner.

Judge.

Hold thy hand up at the barre.

Theefe.

Here it is my Lord.

Judge.

Clearke of the office, reade his inditement.

Clearke.

What is thy name?

Theefe.

My name was knowne before I came heere,
And ſhall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Judge.

I, I thinke ſo, but wee will know it better before thou goe.

Dericke.

Sownes and you doe but ſend to the next Jaile,
We are ſure to know his name;
For this is not the firſt priſon he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

Clearke.

What is thy name?

Theefe.

What need you to aſke, and have it in writing?

Clearke.

Is not thy name *Cutbert Cutter?*

Theefe.

What the divell neede you aſke, and know it ſo well;

Clearke.

Why then *Cutbert Cutter*, I indite thee by the name of *Cutbert Cutter*, for robbing a poore carrier the 20. day of May laſt paſt, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our Soveraigne Lord King *Henry* the fourth, for ſetting upon a poore carrier upon Gads hil in Kent, and having beaten and wounded the ſaid carryer, and taken his goods from him.

Dericke.

Dericke.

Oh maiſters ſtay there, nay lets never belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me alſo, but he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great race of Ginger, that bouncing *Beſſe* with the jolly buttocks ſhould have had, that grieves me moſt.

Judge.

Well, what ſayeſt thou, art thou guilty, or not guyltie?

Theefe.

Not guilty, my Lord.

Judge.

By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe.

By my Lord the young Prince, or by my ſelfe, whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned *and* Tom.

Henry 5.

Come away my lads, gogs wounds ye villaine, what make you here? I muſt goe about my buſineſſe my ſelfe, and you muſt ſtand loytering here.

Theefe.

Why my Lord, they have bound mee, and will not let me go.

Henry 5.

Have they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord.

Judge.

I am glad to ſee your Grace in good health.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis marvell you knew him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe.

I gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

Judge.

Your Grace ſhall finde ſmall credite by acknowledging him to be your man.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, what hath he done.

Judge.

And it pleaſe your majeſty, he hath robbed a poore Carrier.

Dericke.

Dericke.

Heare you ſir, marry it was one *Dericke*,
Goodman *Hoblings* man of *Kent*.

Henry 5.

What, waſt you button breech?
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jeſt.

Judge.

Heare you ſir, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in jeſt?
In faith he ſhall be hangde in earneſt.

Henry 5.

Well my Lord, what doe you meane to do with my man?

Judge.

And pleaſe your Grace the law muſt paſſe on him, according to juſtice, then he muſt be executed.

Dericke.

Heare you ſir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in jeſt? In faith he ſhall be hangd in jeſt.

Henry 5.

Well my Lord once againe, what meane you to doe with him?

Judge.

And pleaſe your Grace according to law and juſtice he muſt be hangd.

Henry 5.

Why then belike you meane to hang my man.

Judge.

I am ſorry that it fals out ſo.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, I pray yee who am I?

Judge.

And pleaſe your Grace, you are my L. the yong Prince, our King that ſhall be after the deceaſe of our ſoveraigne Lord, K. *Henry* the fourth, whom God grant long to raigne.

Henry 5.

You ſay true my Lord:
And you will hang my man.

Judge.

And like your Grace, I muſt needs doe juſtice.

Henry 5.

Tell me my Lord, ſhall I have my man?

Judge.

Judge.

I cannot my Lord.

Henry 5.

But will you not let him goe?

Judge.

I am ſorry that his caſe is ſo ill.

Henry 5.

Tuſh, caſe me no caſings, ſhal I have my man?

Judge.

I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

Heury 5.

Nay, and I ſhall not ſay, and then I am anſwered.

Judge.

No.

Henry 5.

No, then I will have him.

He giveth him a boxe on the eare.

Ned.

Gogs wounds my Lord, ſhal I cut off his head?

Henry 5.

No, I charge you draw not your ſwords,
But get you hence, provide a noyſe of Muſitians,
Away, be gone. [*Exeunt the Theefe.*

Judge.

Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

Henry 5.

Nay and you be not, you ſhall have more.

Judge.

Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

Henry 5.

You, who knowes not you,
Why man, you are Lord chiefe Juſtice of England.

Judge.

Your Grace hath ſaid truth, therfore in ſtriking me in this place, you greatly abuſe me, and not me only but alſo your father: whoſe lively perſon here in this place I do repreſent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatives meane, I commit you to the Fleet, untill wee have ſpoken with your father.

Henry

Henry 5.

Why then belike you meane to ſend mee to the Fleete.

Judge.

I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

[*Exeunt* Henry 5. *with the Officers.*

Judge.

Jayler carry the priſoner to Newgate againe untill the next Siſes.

Jayler.

At your commandement my Lord it ſhall bee done.

Enter Dericke *and* John Cobler.

Dericke.

Sownds maiſters, heres adoo,
When Princes muſt go to priſon:
Why *John*, didſt ever ſee the like?

John.

O *Dericke*, truſt me, I never ſaw the like.

Dericke.

Why *John* thou maiſt ſee what princes be in choller,
A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tell thee *John*, O *John*,
I would not have done it for twenty ſhillings.

John.

No nor I, there had beene no way but one with us.
We ſhould have been hangde.

Dericke.

Faith *John*, Ile tell thee what, thou ſhalt bee my
Lord chiefe Juſtice, and thou ſhalt ſit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thee a box on the ear
And then thou ſhalt ſay, to teach you what prerogatives
meane, I commit you to the Fleete.

John.

Come on, ile be your judge,
But thou ſhalt not hit me hard.

Dericke.

No, no.

John.

What hath he done?

Dericke.

Marry he hath robd *Dericke.*

John.

Why then I cannot let him goe.

Dericke.

I muſt needes have my man.

John.

You ſhall not have him.

Dericke.

Shall I not have my man, ſay no and you dare?
How ſay you, ſhall I not have my man?

John.

No marry ſhall you not.

Dericke.

Shall I not *John?*

John.

No *Dericke.*

Dericke.

Why then take you that til more come,
Sownes, ſhall I not have him?

John.

Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?

Dericke.

Who art thou, ſownds, doſt not know thy ſelfe?

John.

No.

Dericke.

Now away ſimple fellow,
Why man, thou art *John* the Cobler.

John.

No, I am my Lord chiefe Juſtice of England.

Dericke.

Oh *John*, Maſſe thou ſayſt true, thou art indeed.

John.

Why then to teach you what prerogatives mean I commit you to the Fleete.

Dericke.

Wel, I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knave, Ile courſe you. [*Exit. And ſtraight enters againe.*
Oh *John*, Com, come out of thy chair, why what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thee a boxe on the eare, and now

thou

thou ſeeſt they will not take mee to the Fleet, I thinke that thou art one of theſe worenday clownes.

John.

But I marvell what will become of thee?

Dericke.

Faith, ile be no more a carrier.

John.

What wilt thou then do?

Dericke.

Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

John.

With me, alaſſe, I am not able to keepe thee,
Why thou wilt eate me out of dores.

Dericke.

Oh *John*, no *John*, I am none of theſe great ſlouching fellows that devoure theſe great peeces of beefe and brewes, alaſſe a trifle ſerves me, a woodcocke, a chicken, or a capons leg, or any ſuch little thing ſerves me.

John.

A capon, why man I cannot get a capon once a yeare, except it be at Chriſtmas, at ſome other mans houſe, for we coblers be glad of a diſh of rootes.

Dericke.

Rootes, why are you ſo good at rooting?
Nay Cobler, weele have you ringde.

John.

But *Dericke* though we be ſo poore,
Yet will we have in ſtore a crab in the fire,
With Nut-browne ale, that is full ſtale,
Which will a man quaile, and lay in the myre.

Dericke.

A bots on you, and be but for your ale,
Ile dwell with you, come lets away as faſt as we can.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the young Prince with Ned *and* Tom.

Henry 5.

Come away ſirs, Gogs wounds *Ned*,
Didſt thou not ſee what a boxe on the eare
I tooke my Lord chiefe Juſtice?

Tom;

Tom.

By gogs blood it did me good to ſee it,
It made his teeth jarre in his head.

Enter Sir John Old-Caſtle.

Henry 5.

How now ſir *John Old-Caſtle?*
What newes with you?

John Old-Caſtle.

I am glad to ſee your Grace at libertie,
I was come I, to viſite you in Priſon.

Henry 5.

To viſite mee, didſt thou not know that I am a Princes ſonne? why tis enough for me to looke into a priſon, thogh I come not in my ſelfe, but heres ſuch adoo now a dayes, heres priſoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the divell and all: but I tell you ſirs, when I am King, wee will have no ſuch things, but my lads, if the olde King my father were dead, we would be all Kings.

John Old-Caſtle.

He is a good olde man, God take him to his mercie the ſooner.

Henry 5.

But *Ned*, ſo ſoone as I am King, the firſt thing I will doo, ſhal be to put my Lord chiefe Juſtice out of office, and thou ſhalt be my L. chiefe Juſtice of England.

Ned.

Shall I be Lord chiefe Juſtice?
By gogs wounds ile be the braveſt Lord chiefe Juſtice
That ever was in England.

Henry 5.

Then *Ned*, ile turne all theſe priſons into Hence-ſchooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to maintaine them withall, and then I will have about with my Lord chiefe Juſtice, thou ſhalt hang none but pick-purſes, and horſe-ſtealers, and ſuch baſe minded villaines, but that fellow that will ſtand by the high-way ſide couragiouſly, with his ſword and buckler, and take a purſe, that fellowe give him commendations: beſide that, ſend him to mee, and I will give

him an annuall penſion out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

John.

Nobly ſpoken *Harry*, wee ſhall never have a merry world till the old King be dead.

Ned.

But whether are yee going now?

Henry 5.

To the court, for I heare ſay, my father lyes verie ſicke.

Tom.

But I doubt he will not die.

Henry 5.

Yet will I goe thither, for the breath ſhall be no ſooner out of his mouth, but I will clap the crowne on my head.

Jockey.

Will you goe to the court with that cloake ſo full of needles?

Henry 5.

Cloake, ilat-hoales, needles, and all was of mine owne deviſing, and therefore I will weare it.

Tom.

I pray you (my Lord,) what my bee the meaning thereof?

Henry 5.

Why man, tis a ſigne that I ſtand uppon thornes, till the crowne be on my head.

Jockey.

Or that every needle might be a pricke to theyr hearts that repine at your doings.

Henry 5.

Thou ſayſt true *Jockey*, but theres ſome will ſay, the young Prince will bee a well-toward young-man, and all this geare, that I had as leeve they would breake my head with a pot, as to ſay any ſuch thing, but wee ſtand prating here too long: I muſt needes ſpeake with my father, therefore come away.

Porter.

What a rapping keepe you at the Kings courte gate?

Henry 5.

Heres one that muſt ſpeake with the King.

Porter.

Porter.

The King is very ſicke, and none muſt ſpeake with him.

Henry 5.

No you raſcall, do you not know me.

Porter.

You are my Lord the young Prince.

Henry.

Then go and tell my father, that I muſt and will ſpeake with him.

Ned.

Shall I cut off his head.

Henry 5.

No, no, though I would helpe you in other places: yet I have nothing to doo here, what you are in my fathers court.

Ned.

I will write him in my tables, for ſo ſoone as I am made Lord chiefe Juſtice, I will put him out of his office.

[*The Trumpet ſounds.*

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds ſirs, the King comes,
Lets all ſtand aſide.

Enter the King with the Lord of Exeter.

Henry 4.

And is it true my Lord, that my ſonne is already ſent to the Fleet: now truly that man is more fitter to rule the realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my ſon, and hee by one word hath cauſed him to be ruled. Oh my ſonne, my ſonne, no ſooner out of one priſon, but into an other. I had thought one whiles *I* had lived, to have ſeene this noble realm of England flouriſh by thee my ſon, but now *I* ſee it goes to ruine and decay. [*He weepes.*

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Oxford.

And pleaſe your grace, here is my Lord your ſonne,
That commeth to ſpeake with you,
He ſayth he muſt and will ſpeake with you.

Henry 4.

Who my ſonne *Harry?*

Oxford.

I and pleaſe your majeſtie.

Henry 4.

I know wherefore he commeth,
But looke that none come with him.

Oxford.

A very diſordered companie, and ſuch as make
Very ill rule in your majeſties houſe.

Henry 4.

Well, let him come,
But looke that none come with him. [*He goeth.*

Oxford.

And pleaſe your Grace,
My Lord the King ſends for you.

Henry 5.

Come away ſirs, lets goe all together.

Oxford.

And pleaſe your grace none muſt goe with you.

Henry 5.

Why, I muſt needs have them with me,
Otherwiſe I can doo my father no countenance,
Therefore come away.

Oxford.

The King your father commaunds
There ſhould none come.

Henry 5.

Well ſirs, then be gone,
And provide me three noyſe of muſitians. [*Exeunt Knights.*

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

Henry 4.

Come my ſonne, come on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my ſonne, my ſonne, what cauſe hath ever bene,
That thou ſhouldſt forſake mee, and followe this vilde and
Reprobate company, which abuſeth youth ſo manifeſtly:
Oh my ſonne, thou knoweſt that theſe thy doings
Will end thy fathers dayes. [*He weeps.*
I ſo, ſo, my ſonne, thou feareſt not to approach the preſence
of thy ſicke father, in that diſguiſed ſort, I tell thee my ſonne,

that

that there is never a needle in thy cloke, but it is a pricke to my heart, and never an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my ſcule: and wherefore thou bringeſt that dagger in thy hand I know not, but by conjecture. [*He weepes.*

Henry 5.

My conſcience accuſeth me, moſt ſoveraigne Lord, and welbeloved father, to anſwere firſt to the laſt poynt, That is, whereas you conjecture that this hand and this dagger ſhall be armde againſt your life: no, know my beloved father, far be the thoughts of your ſonne, ſonne ſaide I, an unworthy ſonne for ſo good a father: but far be the thoughts of any ſuch pretended miſchiefe: and I moſt humbly render it to your majeſties hand, and live my Lord and ſoveraigne for ever: and with your dagger arme ſhow like vengeance upon the body of that your ſonne, I was about ſay, and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde ſlave, tis not the Crowne that I come for, ſweete Father, becauſe I am unworthy, and thoſe wilde and reprobate companions I abandon, and utterly aboliſh their company for ever. Pardon ſweet father, pardon, the leaſt thing and moſt deſire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my back, and ſacrifice it to the divell, which is maſter of all miſchief: pardon me, ſweet father, pardon me: good my Lord of *Exeter*, ſpeake for me: pardon me, pardon, good father: not a word: ah he will not ſpeake one word: A *Harry*, now thrice unhappy *Harry*. But what ſhall I doe: I will go take mee into ſome ſolitary place, and there lament my ſinfull life, and when I have done, I will lay me downe and die. [*Exit.*

Henry 4.

Call him againe, call my ſonne againe.

Henry 5.

And doth my father call me againe? Now, *Harry*,
Happy be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Henry 4.

Stand up my ſonne, and do not thinke thy father
But at the requeſt of thee my ſonne, I will pardon thee,
And God bleſſe thee, and make thee his ſervant.

Henry 5.

Thanks good my Lord, and no doubt but this day,
Even this day, I am borne new againe.

Henry 4.

Come my ſon and Lords, take me by the hands.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Dericke.

Dericke.

Thou art a ſtinking whore, and a whorſon ſtinking whore,
Doeſt think it ile take it at thy hands?

Enter John Cobler *running.*

John.

Dericke, D. D. Heareſta,
DOD, never while thou liveſt uſe that,
Why what will my neighbours ſay, and thou go away ſo?

Dericke.

Shees a narrant whore, and ile have the law on you *John.*

John.

Why what hath ſhe done?

Dericke.

Marry marke thou *John,*
I will prove it that I will.

John.

What wilt thou prove?

Dericke.

That ſhe cald me in to dinner.
John, marke the tale well *John,* and when I was ſet
She brought me a diſh of roots, and a peece of barell butter therein: and ſhe is a very knave,
And thou a drab if thou take her part.

John.

Heareſta *Dericke,* is this the matter?
Nay, and it be no worſe, we will go home again,
And all ſhall be amended.

Dericke.

Oh *John,* heareſta *John,* is all well?

John.

I, all is well.

Dericke.

Then ile go home before, and breake all the glaſſe-windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

Henry 4.

Come my Lords, I ſee it boots mee not to take any phyſike, for all the Phyſitians in the world cannot cure mee, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my laſt Will and Teſtament concerning my ſonne, for truely my Lords, I do not thinke but he will prove as valiant and victorious a King, as ever raigned in England.

Both.

Let heaven and earth be witneſſe betweene us, if wee accompliſh not thy will to the uttermoſt.

Henry 4.

I give you moſt unfained thankes, good my Lords,
Draw the curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cauſe ſome muſicke to rocke me a ſleepe. [*He ſleepeth.*

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Enter the Prince.

Henry 5.

Ah *Harry*, thrice unhappy, that hath neglect ſo long from viſiting of thy ſicke father, I will goe, nay but why doe I not goe to the chamber of my ſicke father, to comfort the melancholy ſoule of his body, his ſoule ſaid I, heere is his body, but his ſoule is, wheras it needs no bodie. Now thrice accurſed *Harry*, that hath offended thy father ſo much, and could not I crave pardon for all. Oh my dying father curſt be the day wherein I was borne, and accurſed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what ſhall I doe? if weeping teares which come too late, may ſuffice the negligence neglected to ſome, I will weepe day and night untill the fountaine be drie with weeping. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord of Exeter *and* Oxford.

Exeter.

Come eaſily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Henry 4.

Now my Lords.

Oxford.

How doth your Grace feele your ſelfe?

Henry 4.

Somewhat better after my ſleepe,
But good my Lord take off my crowne,
Remove my chayre a little backe, and ſet me right.

Ambo.

And pleaſe your grace the crown is taken away.

Henry 4.

The crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of *Oxford*, go ſee who hath done this deed:
No doubt tis ſome wilde traytor that hath done it,
To deprive my ſonne, they that would doe it now,
Would ſeeke to ſcrape and ſcrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford *with the Prince.*

Oxford.

Here and pleaſe your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Henry 4.

Why how now my ſonne,
I had thought the laſt time I had you in ſchooling,
I had given you a leſſon for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tell me my ſonne,
Doeſt thou thinke the time ſo long,
That thou wouldeſt have it before the
Breath be out of my mouth.

Henry 5.

Moſt ſoveraigne Lord, and welbeloved father,
I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your body, and finding you at that time
Paſt all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witneſſe, and what ſhould I doo,
But with weeping teares lament the death of you my father,
And after that, ſeeing the crowne I tooke it:
And tell me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death, but ſeeing you live,
I moſt humbly render it into your majeſties hands,
And the happieſt man alive, that my father live:
And live my Lord and father for ever.

Henry.

Henry.

Stand up my ſonne,
Thine anſwere hath ſounded well in mine eares,
For I muſt needs confeſſe that I was in a very ſound ſleepe,
And altogether unmindfull of thy comming:
But come neare my ſonne,
And let mee put thee in poſſeſſion whilſt I live,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.

Henry 5.

Well may I take it at your majeſties hands,
But it ſhal never touch my head, ſo long as my father lives.

[*He taketh the crowne.*

Henry 4.

God give thee joy my ſonne,
God bleſſe thee, and make thee his ſervant,
And ſend thee a proſperous raigne.
For God knowes my ſonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I have maintained it.

Henry 5.

Howſoever you camé by it, I know not,
And now I have it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that ſeekes to take the crown from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,
Where it harder then braſſe or bollion.

Henry 4.

Nobly ſpoken, and like a King.
Now truſt me my Lords, I feare not but my ſonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As ever raigned in *England.*

L. Ambo.

His former life ſhewes no leſſe.

Henry 4.

Well my lords I know not whether it be for ſleep,
Or drawing neare of drowſie ſummer of death,
But I am very much given to ſleepe,
Therefore good my lords and my ſonne,
Draw the curtaines, depart my chamber,
And cauſe ſome muſicke to rocke me aſleepe. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[*The King dyeth.*

Enter.

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe.

Ah God, I am now much like to a byrd
Which hath eſcaped out of the cage,
For ſo ſoone as my Lord Chiefe Juſtice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the young Prince:
But here comes ſome of his companions,
I will ſee and I can get any thing of them,
For olde acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom.

Gogs wounds the King is dead.

Jockey.

Dead, then gogs blood, wee ſhall be all kings.

Ned.

Gogs wounds, I ſhall be Lord Chiefe Juſtice of *England*.

Tom.

Why, how are you broken out of priſon?

Ned.

Gogs wounds, how the villaine ſtinkes?

Jockey.

Why what will become of thee now?
Fye upon him, how the raſcall ſtinkes.

Theefe.

Marry I will goe and ſerve my maiſter againe.

Tom.

Gogs blood, doeſt think that he will have any ſuch
Scabd knave as thou art? What man he is a king now.

Ned.

Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,
And get thee gone, for the King will not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I will tell the King of thee. [*Exit Theefe.*

Jockey.

Oh how it did me good to ſee the King
When he was crowned.
Me thought his ſeate was like the figure of heaven,
And his perſon like unto a God.

Ned.

Ned.

But who would have thought
That the King would have chang'de his countenance ſo?

Jockey.

Did you not ſee with what grace
He ſent his embaſſage into *France*, to tell the *French* king
That *Harry* of *England* hath ſent for the crowne,
And *Harry* of *England* will have it.

Tom.

But twas but a little to make the people believe,
That hee was ſorrie for his fathers death.

[*The trumpets ſownds.*

Ned.

Gogs wounds, the King comes,
Lets all ſtand aſide.

Enter the King with the Archbiſhop and the Lord of Oxford.

Jockey.

How doo you my Lord?

Ned.

How now *Harry?*
Tut my Lord, put away theſe dumpes,
You are a King, and all the Realme is yours:
What man? do you not remember the old ſayings,
You know I muſt be Lord Chiefe Juſtice of *England.*
Truſt mee my Lord, me thinks you are very much changed:
And 'tis but with a little ſorrowing, to make folkes believe
The death of your father grieves you,
And 'tis nothing ſo.

Henry 5.

I prethee *Ned* mend thy manners,
And be more modeſter in thy tearmes,
For my unfeined griefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And diſſembling talke, thou ſayeſt I am changed,
So I am indeed, and ſo muſt thou be and that quickly,
Or elſe I muſt cauſe thee to be chaunged.

Jockey.

Gogs wounds how like you this?
Sownds, tis not ſo ſweet as muſicke.

Tom.

I truſt we have not offended your Grace no way.

Henry

Henry 5.

Ah *Tom*, your former life grieves me,
And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever,
And therefore not upon pain of death to approch my presence
By ten miles space, then if I heare well of you,
It may bee I will doe somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands,
Then at any other mans: and therefore be gone,
We have other matters to talke on. [*Exeunt Knights.*
Now my good Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
What say you to our embassage into *France?*

Archbishop.

Your right to the French crowne of *France*,
Came by your great grandmother *Izabel*,
Wife to king *Edward* the third,
And sister to *Charles* the French King:
Now if the French King deny it, as likely he will,
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.
Let the usurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors have let it passe, you will not:
For your Countreymen are willing with purse and men,
To ayde you.
Then my good Lord, as it hath been alwayes knowne,
That *Scotland* hath been in league with *France*,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore best to conquere *Scotland*,
And then I thinke that you may go more easily into *France*:
And this is all that I can say, my good Lord.

Henry 5.

I thanke you, my good L. Archbishop of *Canterbury*.
What say you, my good Lord of *Oxford?*

Oxford.

And please your Majestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbyshop, saving in this,
He that will *Scotland* winne, must first with *France* beginne:
According to the old saying.
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to invade *France*,
For in conquering *Scotland*, you conquer but one.
And conquere *France*, and conquere both.

Enter

Enter Lord of Exceter.

Exeter.

And pleese your Majesty.

Henry 5.

Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resolve us of our answere,
Commit him to our presence.

Enter Duke of Yorke.

Yorke.

God save the life of my soveraigne Lord the King.

Henry 5.

Now my good Lord the duke of *Yorke*,
What newes from our brother the French king?

Yorke.

And please your Majestie,
I delivered him my embassage,
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
But for the answere he hath sent
My Lord Embassador of *Burges*, the Duke of *Burgony*,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the embassage.

Henry 5.

Commit my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges* unto our presence.

Enter Archbyshop of Burges.

Henry 5.

Now my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges*,
We doe learne by our Lord Embassador,
That you have our message to doo
From our brother the French king:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We give you free libertie and license to speake,
With good audience.

Archbyshop.

God save the mighty king of *England*,
My Lord and Master, the most Christian King,
Charles the seventh, the great and mighty king of *France*,
As a most noble and Christian king,

Not minding to ſhed innocent bloud, is rather content
To yeeld ſomewhat to your unreaſonable demaunds,
That if fifty thouſand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The ſayde Lady *Katheren*, in marriage,
And ſome crownes which he may well ſpare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld ſo far to your unreaſonable deſire.

Henry 5.

Why then belike your Lord and Maſter,
Thinkes to puffe me up with fifty thouſand crowns a yere:
No, tell thy Lord and Maſter,
That all the crownes in *France* ſhall not ſerve me,
Except the crowne and kingdome it ſelfe:
And perchance hereafter I will have his daughter.

Archbyſhop.

And it pleaſe your Majeſty,
My Lord Prince *Dolphin* greetes you well,
With this preſent.

[*He deliverеth a Tunne of Tennis balles.*

Henry 5.

What a guilded tunne?
I pray you my Lord of *Yorke*, looke what is in it.

Yorke.

And it pleaſe your Grace,
Here is a Carpet, and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Henry 5.

A tunne of tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbiſhop,
What might the meaning thereof be?

Archbyſhop.

And it pleaſe you my Lord,
A meſſenger you know ought to keepe cloſe his meſſage,
And ſpecially an embaſſador.

Henry 5.

But I know that you may declare your meſſage
To a king, the law of armes allowes no leſſe.

Archbyſhop.

My Lord, hearing of your wildneſſe before your
Fathers death, ſent you this my good Lord,

Meaning

Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Campe.

Henry 5.

My L. Prince *Dolphin* is very pleaſant with me:
But tell him, that in ſteed of balles of leather,
We will toſſe him balles of braſſe and yron,
Yea, ſuch balles, as never were toſt in *France*,
The proudeſt Tennis Court ſhall rue it,
I, and thou Prince of *Burges* ſhall rue it.
Therefore get thee hence, and tell him thy maſſage quickly
Leaſt I be there before thee: Away prieſt, be gone.

Archbyſhop.

I beſeech your Grace, to deliver mee your ſafe
Conduct under your broad ſeale Emanuel.

Henry 5.

Prieſt of *Burges*, know,
That the hand and ſeale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in ſtead of my hand and ſeale,
I will bring him my hand and ſword,
And tell thy Lord and Maſter, that I *Harry* of *England* ſaid it.
And I *Harry* of *England*, will performe it.
My Lord of *Yorke*, deliver him our ſafe conduct,
Under our broad ſeale Emanuel.

[*Exeunt Archbiſhop and the Duke of* Yorke.

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heaven and earth, that the proudeſt
French man in all *France* ſhall rue the time that ever
Theſe tennis balles were ſent into *England*.
My Lord, I wil that there be provided a great navy of ſhips
With all ſpeed, at *South-Hampton*.
For there I meane to ſhip my men,
For I would be there before him, if it were poſſible,
Therefore come; but ſtay,
I had almoſt forgot the chiefeſt thing of all, with chaſing
With this French embaſſadour.
Call in my Lord Chiefe Juſtice of *England*.

Enter Lord Chiefe Juſtice of England.

Exeter.

Here is the King, my Lord.

Juſtice.

God preſerve your Majeſty.

Henry 5.

Why how now my Lord, what is the matter?

Juſtice.

I would it were unknowne to your Majeſty.

Henry 5.

Why what ayle you?

Juſtice.

Your Majeſty knoweth my griefe well.

Henry 5.

Oh my Lord, you remember you ſent me to the Fleet, did you not.

Juſtice.

I truſt your Grace hath forgotten that.

Henry 5.

I truly my Lord, and for revengement,
I have choſen you to be my Protector over my realme,
Untill it ſhall pleaſe God to give me ſpeedy returne
Out of *France*.

Juſtice.

And if it pleaſe your Majeſty, I am farre unworthy
Of ſo high a dignity.

Henry 5.

Tut my Lord, you are not unworthy,
Becauſe I thinke you worthy:
For you that would not ſpare me,
I thinke will not ſpare another.
It muſt needs be ſo, and therefore come,
Let us be gone, and get our men in a readineſſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Captaine, John Cobler *and his Wife.*

Captaine.

Come, come, there is no remedy,
Thou muſt needs ſerve the King.

John.

Good maſter Captaine let me goe,
I am not able to go ſo farre.

Wife.

I pray you good maſter Captaine,
Bee good to my huſband.

Captaine.

Captaine.

Why I am ſure he is not too good to ſerve the King:

John.

Alaſſe no: but a great deale too bad,
Therefore I pray you let me go.

Captaine.

No, no, thou ſhalt go.

John.

Oh ſir, I have a great many ſhooes at home for to cobble.

Wife.

I pray you let him goe home againe.

Captaine.

Tuſh I care not, thou ſhalt goe.

Wife.

Oh wife, and you had been a loving wife to mee,
This had not been, for I have ſayd many times,
That I would goe away, and now I muſt goe
Againſt my will. [*Hee weepeth.*

Enters Dericke.

Dericke.

How now ho, *Baſillus manus*, for an old codpeece,
Maſter Captaine ſhall we away:
Sowndes how now *John*, what a crying,
What make you and my dame there?
I marvell whoſe head you will throw the ſtooles at,
Now we are gone.

Wife.

Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,
What doe you with my potlid? heare you,
Will you have it rapt about your pate?

[*She beateth him with her potlid.*

Dericke.

Oh good dame. [*Here he ſhakes her.*
And I had my dagger here, I would worie you all to peeces
That I would.

Wife.

Would you ſo, Ile trie that. [*She beateth him.*

Dericke.

Maſter Captaine will yee ſuffer her?
Goe too dame, I will goe backe as farre as I can,

But and you come againe,
Ile clap the Law on your backe thats flat:
Ile tell you Maſter Captaine what you ſhall doe;
Preſſe her for a ſouldier, I warrant you,
She wil doe as much good as her huſband and I too.

Enters the Theefe.

Sownes, who comes yonder?

Captaine.

How now good fellow, doeſt thou want a Maſter?

Theefe.

I truly ſir.

Captaine.

Hold thee then, I preſſe thee for a ſouldier,
To ſerve the King in *France*.

Dericke.

How now Gads, what doeſt, knoweſt, thinkeſt?

Theefe.

I, I knew thee long agoe.

Dericke.

Heare you maiſter Captaine?

Captaine.

What ſayſt thou?

Dericke.

I pray you let me goe home againe.

Captaine.

Why what woldſt thou doe at home?

Dericke.

Marry I have brought two ſhirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am ſure heele ſteale it from me,
He is ſuch a filching fellow.

Captaine.

I warrant thee hee will not ſteale it from thee,
Come lets away.

Dericke.

Come maiſter Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.

John.

Come Wife, lets part lovingly.

Wife.

Wife.

Farewell good huſband.

Dericke.

Fye what a kiſſing and crying is here?
Sownes, do ye thinke he will never come againe?
Why *John* come away, doeſt thinke that we are ſo baſe
Minded to die among Frenchmen?
Sownes, we know not whether they will lay
Us in their Church or no: Come, M. Captaine, lets away.

Captaine.

I cannot ſtay no longer, therefore come away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, *and Lord High Conſtable of* France.

King.

Now my Lord High Conſtable,
What ſay you to our Embaſſage into *England?*

Conſtable.

And it pleaſe your Majeſtie, I can ſay nothing,
Untill my Lords Embaſſadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
To get your men in ſo good a readineſſe,
For feare of the worſt.

King.

I my Lord we have ſome in a readineſſe,
But if the King of *England* make againſt us,
We muſt have thrice ſo many moe.

Dolphin.

Tut my Lord, although the King of *England* be
Young and wilde headed, yet never thinke hee will be ſo
Unwiſe to make battell againſt the mightie King of *France.*

King.

Oh my ſonne, although the King of *England* be
Young and wilde headed, yet never thinke but he is rulde
By his wiſe Councellors.

Enter Archbyſhop of Burges.

Archbyſhop.

God ſave the life of my ſoveraigne lord the King.

King.

Now my good Lord Archbiſhop of *Burges*,
What newes from our brother the Engliſh King?

Archbyſhop.

And pleaſe your Majeſtie,
He is ſo far from your expectation,
That nothing will ſerve him but the Crowne
And Kingdome it ſelfe; beſides, he bad me haſte quickly,
Leaſt hee be there before mee, and ſo farre as I heare
He hath kept promiſe: for they ſay he is already landed
At *Kidcocks* in *Normandie*, upon the River of *Sene*,
And layd his ſiege to the Garriſon Towne of *Harflew*.

King.

You have made great haſte in the meane time,
Have you not?

Dolphin.

I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my preſents?

Archbyſhop.

Truely my Lord, in very ill part,
For theſe your balles of leather,
He will toſſe you balles of braſſe and yron.
Truſt me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
Hee is ſuch a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Conſtable.

Tuſh, we will make him as tame as a lambe,
I warrant you.

Enters a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger.

God ſave the mightie King of *France*.

King.

Now Meſſenger, what newes?

Meſſenger.

And it pleaſe your Majeſtie
I come from your poore diſtreſſed Towne of *Harflew*,
Which is ſo beſet on every ſide,
If your Majeſtie doe not ſend preſent ayde,
The Towne will be yeelded to the *Engliſh King*.

King.

Come my Lords, come, ſhall we ſtand ſtill
Till our Countrey be ſpoyled under our noſes?
My Lords, let the *Normans*, *Brabants*, *Pickardies*,
And *Danes*, be ſent for with all ſpeede:
And you my Lord High Conſtable, I make Generall
Over all my whole Armie.
Monſieur le Colle, Maiſter of the Boas,
Signior Devens, and the reſt, at your appointment.

Dolphin.

I truſt your Majeſtie will beſtow,
Some part of the battell on mee,
I hope not to preſent any otherwiſe then well.

King.

I tell thee my ſonne,
Although I ſhould get the victory, and thou loſe thy life,
I ſhould thinke my ſelfe quite conquered,
And the *Engliſhmen* to have the victorie.

Dolphin.

Why my Lord and Father,
I would have the pettie King of *England* to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King.

I know well my ſonne,
But at this time I will have it thus:
Therefore come away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enters Henry *the fifth, with his Lordes.*

Henry 5.

Come my Lords of *England*,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne
Is a ſigne of an honourable victorie to come.
But good my Lord, go and ſpeak to the Captaines
With all ſpeed, to number the hoaſt of the French men.
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.

Yorke.

And it pleaſe your Majeſty,
There are many of your men ſicke and diſeaſed,
And many of them die for want of victuals.

Henry 5.

And why did you not tell me of it before?
If we cannot have it for money,
We will have it by dint of ſword.
The law of armes allow no leſſe.

Oxford.

I beſeech yur grace, to grant me a boone.

Henry 5.

What is that my good Lord?

Oxford.

That your grace would give me the Evantgard in the battell.

Henry 5.

Truſt me my Lord of *Oxford* I cannot:
For I have already given it to my unckle the Duke of *Yorke*,
Yet I thanke you for your good will. [*A Trumpet ſounds.*
How now, what is that?

Yorke.

I thinke it be ſome Herald of armes.

Enters a Herald.

Herald.

King of *England*, my Lord High Conſtable,
And others of the Noble men of *France*,
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and us, and hereupon,
They preſently bid thee battell.

Henry 5.

Herald, tell them, that I defie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wrongful uſurpers of my right:
And whereas thou ſayeſt they preſently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to pleaſe me:
But I pray thee what place hath my Lord Prince *Dolphin*
Here in battell.

Herald.

And it pleaſe your Grace,
My Lord and King his father
Will not let him come into the field.

Henry 5.

Why then he doth me great injury,
I thought that he and I ſhuld have plaid at tennis together,

Therefore

Therefore I have brought tennis balles for him,
But other manner of ones then he ſent me.
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince *Dolphin*,
That I have inured my hands with other kind of weapons
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he ſhall finde it, ere it be long,
And ſo adue my friend:
And tell my Lord that I am ready when he will. [*Exit Herald.*
Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile ſee the number of the French army my ſelfe.
Strike up the drumme. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter French Souldiers.

1 *Souldier.*

Come away Jacke Drummer, come away all,
And me will tell you, what me will doo,
Me will tro one chance on the dice,
Who ſhall have the king of *England* and his Lords.

2 *Souldier.*

Come away Jacke Drummer,
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drummer.

Oh the brave apparrell that the Engliſh mans
Hay broth over, I will tell you what
Me ha done, me ha provided a hundreth trunkes,
And all to put the fine parel of the Engliſh mans in.

1 *Souldier.*

What doe you meane by trunkea?

2 *Souldier.*

A ſheſt man, a hundred ſheſts.

1 *Shouldier.*

Awee, awee, awee, Me will tell you what,
Me ha put five ſhildren out of my houſe,
And all too little to put the fine apparrell of the
Engliſh mans in.

Drummer.

Oh the brave the brave apparrell that wee ſhall have anon, but come, and you ſhall ſee what me will tro at the Kings Drummer and Fife.

Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3 *Souldier.*

Faith me will tro at the Earle of *Northumberland*
And my Lord a *Willowbie*, with his great horſe,
Snorting, farting, oh brave horſe.

1 *Souldier.*

Ha, bur Lady you ha reaſonable good lucke,
Now I will tro at the King himſelfe,
Ha, me have no good lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

Captaine.

How now what make you here,
So farre from the campe?

2 *Souldier.*

Shal me tell our captain, what we have done here.

Drummer.

Awee, awee. [*Exeunt Drum and one Souldier.*

2 *Souldier.*

I will tell you what we have done,
We have been troing on ſhance on the dice,
But none can win the King.

Captaine.

I thinke ſo, why he is left behind for mee
And I have ſet three or foure chaire makers a worke,
To make a new diſguiſed chaire to ſet that womanly King of *England* in, that all the people may laugh and ſcoffe at him.

2 *Souldier.*

O brave Captaine.

Captaine.

I am glad and yet with a kind of pitty,
To ſee the poore King.
Who ever ſaw a more flouriſhing armie in *France* in one day then here is. Are not here all the Peeres of *France*: Are not here the Normans with their fierie hand Gunnes, and ſlaunching Curtleaxes.
Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horſes, and lanching ſpeares?
Are not here Pickardes with their Croſbows and piercing Darts?
The Henves with their cutting Glaves, and ſharpe Carbuckles?
Are not here the Lance Knights of Burgundie?

And

And on the other ſide, a ſite of poore Engliſh ſcabs?
Why take an Engliſh man out of his warme bed,
And his ſtale drinke but one moneth,
And alaſſe, what will become of him?
But give the Frenchman a Reddiſh root,
And he will live with it all the days of his life. [*Exit.*

2 Souldier.

Oh the brave apparrell that we ſhall have of the Engliſh mans.
[*Exit.*

Enters the King of England, *and his Lords.*

Henry 5.

Come my Lords and fellowes of Armes,
What company is there of the French men?

Oxford.

And it pleaſe your Majeſty,
Our Captaines have numbred them,
And ſo neare as they can judge,
They are about threeſcore thouſand horſemen,
And forty thouſand footmen.

Henry 5.

They threeſcore thouſand,
And we but two thouſand.
They threeſcore thouſand footmen,
And we twelve thouſand.
They are a hundred thouſand,
And we forty thouſand, ten to one.
My Lords and loving Countrey men,
Though we be few, and they many,
Feare not, your quarrell is good, and God will defend you:
Plucke up your hearts, for this day we ſhall eyther have
A valiant victory, or an honourable death.
Now my Lords, I will that my uncle the Duke of *Yorke*,
Have the avantgard in the battell.
The Earle of *Darby*, the Earle of *Oxford*,
The Earle of *Kent*, the Earle of *Nottingham*,
The Earle of *Huntington*, I will have beſide the army,
That they may come freſh upon them.
And I my ſelfe with the Duke of *Bedford*,
The Duke of *Clarence*, and the Duke of *Gloſter*,
Will be in the midſt of the battell.

Furthermore,

Furthermore, I will that my Lord of *Willowbie*,
And the Earl of *Northumberland*,
With their troupes of horſemen, be continually running like wings on both ſides of the army:
My Lord of *Northumberland*, on the left wing.
Then I will that every archer provide him a ſtake of a tree, and ſharpe it at both ends.
And at the firſt encounter of the horſemen,
To pitch their ſtakes downe into the ground before them,
That they may gore themſelves upon them,
And then to recoyle backe, and ſhoot wholly altogether.
And ſo diſcomfite them.

Oxford.

And it pleaſe your Majeſty,
I will take that in charge, if your Grace be therwith content.

Henry 5.

With all my heart, my good Lord of *Oxford*.
And go and provide quickly.

Oxford.

I thanke your Highneſſe. [*Exit.*

Henry 5.

Well my Lords, our battels are ordayned,
And the French making bonfires, and at their banquets,
But let them looke, for I meane to ſet upon them.

[*The Trumpet ſounds.*

Soft, here comes ſome other French meſſage.

Enters Herauld.

Herald.

King of *England*, my Lord High Conſtable,
And other of my Lords, conſidering the poor eſtate of thee
And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt give for thy ranſome?
Perhaps thou mayeſt agree better cheape now,
Then when thou art conquered.

Henry 5.

Why then belike your High Conſtable,
Sends to know what I will give for my Ranſome?
Now truſt me Herald, not ſo much as a tun of Tenis-balls,
No not ſo much as one poore Tennis-ball:
Rather ſhall my body lie dead in the Field to feed crowes,

Then

Then ever *England* ſhall pay one penny ranſome
For my bodie.

Herald.

A Kingly reſolution.

Henry 5.

No Herald, tis a Kingly reſolution,
And the reſolution of a King:
Here take this for thy paines. [*Exit Herald.*
But ſtay my Lords, what time is it?

All.

Prime my Lord.

Henry 5.

Then it is good time no doubt,
For all *England* prayeth for us:
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully upon me?
Why then with one voyce, and like true Engliſh hearts,
With me throw up your caps. and for *England.*
Crie S. *George*, and God and S. *George helpe us.*

[*Strike Drummes. Exeunt omnes.*

¶ *The French-men cry within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount, Joy, Saint Dennis.*

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Henry 5.

Come my Lords, come, by this time our
Swords are almoſt drunke with French bloud,
But my Lordes, which of you can tell me how many of our
Armie be ſlaine in the Battell?

Oxford.

And it pleaſe your Majeſtie,
There are of the French Armie ſlaine,
Above ten thouſand, twentie ſixe hundred
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing Banners:
Beſides, all the Nobilitie of *France* are taken priſoners.
Of your Majeſtie Armie, are ſlaine none but the good
Duke of *Yorke*, and not above five or ſixe and twentie
Common ſouldiours.

Henry 5.

For the good Duke of *Yorke* my Unckle,
I am heartily ſorrie, and greatly lament his misfortune,

Yet

Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath given us,
Doth make me much rejoyce. But ſtay,
Here comes another French meſſage. [*Sound Trumpet.*

Enters a Herauld, and kneeleth.

Herald.

God ſave the life of the moſt mightie Conqueror,
The honourable King of *England?*

Henry 5.

Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now: what? I am ſure it is a great diſgrace for a Herald to kneele to the King of *England.*
What is thy meſſage?

Herald.

My Lord and Maiſter, the conquered King of *France*
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Henry 5.

Herald his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, ſay on.

Herald.

He hath ſent me to deſire your Majeſtie,
To give him leave to goe into the field to view his poore Countrey-men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Henry 5.

Why Herald, doth thy Lord and Maſter
Send to me to bury the dead,
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord High Conſtable,
And thoſe that would have had my ranſome?

Herald.

And it pleaſe your Majeſtie,
He was ſlaine in the battell.

Henry 5.

Why you may ſee, you will make your ſelves
Sure before the victory be wonne: but Herald,
What Caſtle is this, ſo neere adjoyning to our Campe?

Herald.

And it pleaſe your Majeſtie,
Tis calde the Caſtle of *Agincourt.*

Henry

Henry 5.

Well then my Lords of *England*,
For the more honour of our Engliſhmen,
I will that this be for ever calde the battell of *Agincourt*.

Herald.

And it pleaſe your Majeſty,
I have a further meſſage to deliver to your Majeſty.

Henry 5.

What is that, Herald? ſay on.

Herald.

And it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Lord and Maſter,
Craves to parley with your Majeſty.

Henry 5.

With a good will, ſo ſome of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trechery and treaſon.

Herald.

Your Grace needs not to doubt that. [*Exit Herald.*

Henry 5.

Well, tell him then I will come.
Now my Lords, I will goe into the field my ſelfe,
To view my Countrey men, and to have them honourably buried, for the French King ſhall never ſurpaſſe me in curteſie, whiles I am *Harry* King of England.
Come on my Lords. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter John Cobler, *and* Robin Pewterer.

Robin.

Now, *John Cobler*,
Didſt thou ſee how the King did behave himſelfe?

John.

But *Robin*, didſt thou ſee what a policy
The King had, to ſee how the French men were kilde
With the ſtakes of the trees.

Robin.

I *John*, there was a brave policie.

Enters an Engliſh *Souldier roming.*

Souldier.

What are you my maſters?

Both.

Why we be Engliſhmen.

Souldier.

Are you Engliſh men, then change your language,
For all the Kings tents are ſet a fire,
And all they that ſpeake Engliſh will be kilde.

John.

What ſhall we do *Robin*, faith ile ſhift,
For I can ſpeake broken French.

Robin.

Faith ſo can I, lets heare how thou canſt ſpeake?

John.

Commodevales Monſieur.

Robin.

Thats well, come lets be gone. [*Drum and Trumpets ſound.*

Enter Dericke *roming.* *After him a* Frenchman, *and takes him priſoner.*

Dericke.

O good *Mounſer.*

French-man.

Come, come, you *villeaco.*

Dericke.

O I will ſir, I will.

Frenchman.

Come quickly you peſant.

Dericke.

I will ſir, what ſhall I give you?

Frenchman.

Marry thou ſhalt give me,
One, to, tre, foure hundred Crownes.

Dericke.

Nay ſir, I will give you more,
I will give you as many crownes as will lye on your ſword.

Frenchman.

Wilt thou give me as many crownes
As will lye on my ſword?

Dericke.

I marrie will I, I but you muſt lay downe your Sword, or elſe they will not lye on your ſword.

[*Here the Frenchman layes downe his Sword, and the Clowne takes it up, and hurles him downe.*

Dericke.

Dericke.

Thou villaine, dareſt thou looke up?

Frenchman.

O good *Monſieur comparteve.*
Monſieur, pardon me.

Dericke.

O you villaine, now you lye at my mercy,
Doeſt thou remember ſince thou lambſt me in thy ſhort el?
O villaine, now I will ſtrike off thy head.

[*Here while he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.*

Dericke.

What is he gone, maſſe I am glad of it,
For if he had ſtaid, I was afraid he would have ſturd againe
And then I ſhould have beene ſpilt,
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

Enters King of France, *King of* England, *and attendants.*

Henry 5.

Now my good brother of *France*,
My coming into this land was not to ſhed bloud,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leave my ſiege,
And to depart out of your land.

Charles.

What is your demaund,
My loving brother of *England?*

Henry 5.

My Secretary hath it written, read it.

Secretary.

Item, that immediately *Henry* of *England*
Be crowned King of *France.*

Charles.

A very hard ſentence,
My good brother of *England.*

Henry 5.

No more but right, my good brother of *France.*

French King.

Well, read on.

Secretary.

Item, that after the death of the ſaid *Henry*,
The Crowne remaine to him and his heyres for ever.

French King.

Why then you doe not onely meane to diſpoſſeſſe me, but alſo my ſonne.

Henry 5.

Why my good brother of *France*,
You have had it long inough:
And as for Prince *Dolphin*,
It ſkils not though he ſit beſide the ſaddle:
Thus I have ſet it downe, and thus it ſhall be.

French King.

You are very peremptory,
My good brother of *England*.

Henry 5.

And you as perverſe, my good brother of *France*.

Charles.

Why then belike all that I have here is yours.

Henry 5.

I even as farre as the kingdom of *France* reaches.

Charles.

I for by this hote beginning,
We ſhall ſcarce bring it to a calme ending.

Henry 5.

It is as you pleaſe, here is my reſolution.

Charles.

Well my brother of *England*,
If you will give me a coppy,
We will meet you againe to morrow.

[*Exit King of* France, *and all their attendants.*

Henry 5.

With a good will my good brother of *France*,
Secretary deliver him a Copie,
My Lords of *England* goe before,
And I will follow you. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Henry 5. [*Speakes to himſelfe.*

Ah *Harry*, thrice unhappy *Harry*,
Haſt thou now conquerd the French King,
And begins a freſh ſupply with his daughter,
But with what face canſt thou ſeeke to gaine her love,
Which haſt ſought to win her fathers Crowne?

Her

Her fathers Crowne ſaid I, no it is mine owne:
I but I love her, and muſt crave her,
Nay I love her, and will have her.

Enters Lady Katheren *and her Ladies.*

But here ſhee comes:
How now fayre Lady *Katheren* of *France*,
What newes?

Katheren.

And it pleaſe your Majeſty,
My father ſent me to know if you will debate any of theſe
Unreaſonable demands, which you require.

Henry 5.

Now truſt me *Kate*,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could ſooner have made me debate it,
If it were poſſible:
But tell me ſweet *Kate*, canſt thou tell how to love.

Kate.

I cannot hate my good Lord,
Therefore farre unfit were it for me to love.

Henry 5.

Tuſh *Kate*, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canſt thou love the King of *England?*
I cannot doe as theſe Countries doe,
That ſpend halfe their time in wooing:
Tuſh wench, I am none ſuch.
But wilt thou go over to *England?*

Kate.

I would to God, that I had your Majeſty,
As faſt in love, as you have my father in warres,
I would not vouchſafe ſo much as one looke,
Untill you had related all theſe unreaſonable demaunds.

Henry 5.

Tuſh *Kate*, I know thou wouldſt not uſe mee ſo hardly:
but tell me, canſt thou love the King of *England?*

Kate.

How ſhould I love him, that hath dealt ſo hardly with my father?

Henry 5.

But ile deale as eaſily with thee,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue require,
How ſayſt thou, what will it be?

Kate.

If I were of my owne direction,
I could give you anſwere:
But ſeeing I ſtand at my fathers direction,
I muſt firſt know his will.

Henry 5.

But ſhall I have thy good will in the mean ſeaſon?

Kate.

Whereas I can put your Grace in no aſſurance,
I would be loath to put your Grace in any deſpayre.

Henry 5.

Now before God, it is a ſweet wench.

[*She goes aſide, and ſpeakes as followeth.*

Kate.

I may thinke my ſelfe the happieſt in the world,
That is beloved of the mightie king of *England*.

Henry 5.

Well *Kate*, are you at hoaſt with me?
Sweete *Kate*, tell thy father from me,
That none in the world could ſooner have perſwaded mee to it then thou, and ſo tell thy father from me.

Kate.

God keepe your Majeſty in good health. [*Exit Kate.*

Henry 5.

Farewell ſweet *Kate*, in faith it is a ſweet wench,
But if I knew I could not have her fathers good will,
I would ſo rowſe the Towers over his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knees. [*Exit King.*

Enters Dericke *with his girdle full of ſhooes.*

Dericke.

How now? Sownes it did me good to ſee how I did triumph over the French men.

Enters

Enters John Cobler *roving, with a packe full of apparrell.*

John.

Whoope *Dericke*, how doeſt thou?

Dericke.

What *John Comedevales*, alive yet?

John.

I promiſe thee *Dericke*, I ſcapt hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kilde.

Dericke.

Were you ſo?

John.

I truſt me, I had like beene ſlaine.

Dericke.

But once kilde, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or five times ſlaine.

John.

Foure or five times ſlaine.
Why how couldſt thou have beene alive now?

Dericke.

O *John*, never ſay ſo,
For I was calde the bloudy ſouldier amongſt them all.

John.

Why what didſt thou?

Dericke.

Why, I will tell thee *John*,
Every day when I went into the field,
I would take a ſtraw, and thruſt it into my noſe,
And make my noſe bleed, and then I would go into the field
And when the Captaine ſaw me, he would ſay,
Peace a bloudy ſouldier, and bid me ſtand aſide,
Whereof I was glad:
But marke the chance *John*.
I went and ſtood behind a tree, but marke then *John*,
I thought I had beene ſafe, but on a ſodaine,
There ſteps to me a luſty tall French-man,
Now he drew, and I drew,
Now I lay here, and he lay there.
Now I ſet this leg before, and turned this backeward,
And ſkipped quite over a hedge,
And he ſaw me no more there that day.
And was not this well done *John*?

John.

Maſſe *Dericke*, thou haſt a witty head.

Dericke.

I *John*, thou maiſt ſee, if thou hadſt taken my counſel.
But what haſt thou there?
I thinke thou haſt bene robbing the French-men.

John.

I faith *Dericke*, I have gotten ſome reparrell,
To carry home to my Wife.

Dericke.

And I have got ſome ſhooes,
For Ile tell thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all theyr ſhooes.

John.

I, but *Dericke*, how ſhall wee get home?

Dericke.

Nay, ſownds and they take thee,
They will hang thee,
O *John*, nevet doe ſo, if it be thy Fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatſoever thou doeſt.

John.

Why *Dericke* the warres is done,
We may goe home now.

Dericke.

I, but you may not go before you aſke the king leave;
But I know a way to go home, and aſke the king no leave.

John.

How is that *Dericke?*

Dericke.

Why *John*, thou knoweſt the Duke of *Yorkes*
Funerall muſt be carryed into *England*, doeſt thou not?

John.

I, that I doe.

Dericke.

Why then thou knoweſt weele go with it.

Johr.

I but *Dericke*, how ſhall wee doe for to meet them?

Dericke.

Sown ls if I make not ſhift to meet them, hang me.
Syria, thou knoweſt that in every Towne there will

Be ringing, and there will be cakes and drinke:
Now I will goe to the Clarke and Sexton,
And keepe a talking, and ſay, O this fellow rings well:
And thou ſhalt goe and take a piece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou ſhalt ſay, Oh this fellow keepes a good ſtint,
And then I wil goe drinke to thee all the way:
But I marvell what my dame wil ſay when we come home,
Becauſe we have not a French word to caſt at a Dog
By the way?

John.

Why what ſhall we doe, *Dericke?*

Dericke.

Why *John*, ile goe before, and call my dame whore,
And thou ſhalt come after, and ſet fire on the houſe.
We may doe it *John*, for ile prove it,
Becauſe we be ſouldiers. [*The Trumpets ſound.*

John.

Dericke helpe me to carry my ſhooes and bootes.

Enters King of England, *Lord of* Oxford, *and* Exceter, *then the King of* France, *Prince* Dolphin, *and the Duke of* Burgondy, *and attendants.*

Henry 5.

Now my good brother of *France*,
I hope by this time you have deliberated of your anſwere.

French King.

I my wel beloved brother of *England*,
We have viewed it over with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you ſhould be crowned
King of *France*.

Henry 5.

What not King of *France*, then nothing,
I muſt be king: but my loving brother of *France*,
I can hardly forget the late injuries offered me,
When I came laſt to parley,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkaſſes,
Then to have fiered my Tentes.
And if I knew thy ſonne Prince *Dolphin* for one,
I would ſo rowſe him, as he was never ſo rowſed.

French King.

I dare ſweare for my ſonnes Innocency in this matter.
But if this pleaſe you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned Heyre and Regent of *France*,
Not king, becauſe I my ſelfe was once crowned king.

Henry 5.

Heyre and Regent of *France*, that is well,
But that is not all that I muſt have.

French King.

The reſt my Secretary hath in writing.

Secretary.

Item, that *Henry* king of *England*,
Be crowned Heyre and Regent of *France*,
During the life of king *Charles*, and after his death,
The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King *Henry*
Of *England*, and to his heyres for ever.

Henry 5.

Well, my good brother of *France*,
There is one thing I muſt needs deſire.

French King.

What is that, my good brother of *England?*

Henry 5.

That all your Nobles muſt be ſworne to be true to me.

French King.

Whereas they have not ſtucke with greater matters, I know they will not ſticke with ſuch a trifle,
Beginne you my Lord Duke of *Burgondie*.

Henry 5.

Come, my Lord of *Burgondie*,
Take your oath upon my ſword.

Burgondie.

I *Philip* Duke of *Burgondie*,
Sweare to *Henry* King of *England*,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I *Philip* heare of any forraigne power,
Comming to invade the ſayde *Henry*, or his heyres,
Then I the ſayde *Philip* to ſend him word,
And ayde him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath. [*He kiſſeth the ſword.*

Henry 5.

Come, Prince *Dolphin*, you muſt ſweare too.

[*He kiſſeth the ſword.*

Henry 5.

Well, my brother of *France*,
There is one thing more I muſt needs require of you.

French King.

Wherein is it that we may ſatisfie your Majeſtie?

Henry 5.

A trifle my good brother of *France*.
I meane to make your daughter Queene of *England*,
If ſhe be willing, and you therewith content:
How ſayſt thou *Kate*, canſt thou love the King of *England*?

Kate.

How ſhould I love thee, which is my fathers enemie?

Henry 5.

Tut ſtand not upon theſe points,
Tis you muſt make us friends:
I know *Kate*, thou art not a little proud, that I love thee,
What wench, the king of *England*.

French King.

Daughter let nothing ſtand betwixt the king of *England* and thee, agree to it.

Kate.

I had beſt whilſt he is willing,
Leſt when I would, he will not,
I reſt at your Majeſties commaund.

Henry 5.

Welcome ſweet *Kate*, but my brother of *France*
What ſay you to it?

French King.

With all my heart I like it,
But when ſhall be your wedding day?

Henry 5.

The firſt Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.

[*Sound Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

L I A I 2

THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORY
OF
KING LEIR,
AND
HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,

GONORILL, RAGAN, and CORDELLA.

As it hath bene divers and ſundry times lately acted.

London, Printed by SIMON STAFFORD for JOHN WRIGHT, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at Chriſtes church dore, next *Newgate-market*, 1605.

КНИГЕТЕВ

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СИНОПСИСЪ ИСТОРІИ

THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORIE
OF
KING LEIR,
AND HIS
THREE DAUGHTERS.

ACTUS I.

Enter king Leir *and nobles.*

THUS to our griefe the obſequies performd
Of our (too late) deceaſt and deareſt queen,
Whoſe ſoule I hope, poſſeſt of heavenly joyes,
Doth ride in triumph 'mongſt the cherubins;
Let us requeſt your grave advice, my lords,
For the diſpoſing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is ſpecially imployd,
As nature bindeth to advance their ſtates,
In royal marriage with ſome princely mates:
For wanting now their mothers good advice,
Under whoſe government they have received
A perfit patterne of a vertuous life:
Left as it were a ſhip without a ſterne,
Or ſilly ſheepe without a paſtors care;
Although our ſelves doe dearely tender them,

Yet are we ignorant of their affayres:
For fathers beſt do know to governe ſonnes;
But daughters ſteps the mothers counſel turnes.
A ſonne we want for to ſucceed our crowne,
And courſe of time hath cancelled the date
Of further iſſue from our withered loines:
One foote already hangeth in the grave,
And age hath made deepe furrowes in my face:
The world of me, I of the world am weary,
And I would faine reſigne theſe earthly cares,
And thinke upon the welfare of my ſoule:
Which by no better meanes may be effected,
Then by reſigning up the crowne from me.
In equal dowry to my daughters three.

Skalliger.

A worthy care, my liege, which well declares,
The zeale you bare unto our *quondam* queene:
And ſince your grace hath licens'd me to ſpeake,
I cenſure thus; your majeſty knowing well,
What ſeveral ſuters your princely daughters have,
To make them eche a jointer more or leſſe,
As is their worth, to them that love profeſſe.

Leir.

No more, nor leſſe, but even all alike,
My zeale is fixt, all faſhiond in one mould:
Wherefore unpartial ſhall my cenſure be,
Both old and young ſhall have alike for me.

Nobles.

My gracious lord, I hartily do wiſh,
That God hath lent you an heire indubitate,
Which might have ſet upon your royal throne,
When fates ſhould looſe the priſon of your life,
By whoſe ſucceſſion all this doubt might ceaſe;
And as by you, by him we might have peace.
But after-wiſhes ever come too late,
And nothing can revoke the courſe of fate:
Wherefore, my liege, my cenſure deemes it beſt,
To match them with ſome of your neighbour kings,
Bordring within the bounds of *Albion*,

By whoſe united friendſhip, this our ſtate
May be protected 'gainſt all forraine hate.

Leir.

Herein, my lords, your wiſhes ſort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do ſort with heavenly powers:
For at this inſtant two neere neighbouring kings,
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, motion love
To my two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.
My youngeſt daughter, faire *Cordella*, vowes
No liking to a monarch, unleſſe love allowes.
She is ſollicited by divers peeres;
But none of them her partial fancy heares.
Yet, if my policy may her beguile,
Ile match her to ſome king within this ile,
And ſo eſtabliſh ſuch a perfit peace,
As fortunes force ſhall ne're prevaile to ceaſe.

Perillus.

Of us and ours, your gracious care, my lord,
Deſerves an everlaſting memory,
To be inrol'd in chronicles of fame,
By never-dying perpetuity:
Yet to become ſo provident a prince,
Loſe not the title of a loving father:
Do not force love, where fancy cannot dwell,
Leſt ſtreames being ſtopt, above the banks do ſwell.

Leir.

I am reſolv'd, and even now my mind
Doth meditate a ſudden ſtratagem,
To try which of my daughters loves me beſt:
Which till I know, I cannot be in reſt.
This graunted, when they jointly ſhall contend,
Eche to exceed the other in their love:
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,
Even as ſhe doth proteſt ſhe loves me beſt,
Ile ſay, then, daughter, graunt me one requeſt,
To ſhew thou loveſt me as thy ſiſters doe,
Accept a huſband, whom my ſelf will woo.
This ſaid, ſhe cannot well deny my ſute,
Although (poore ſoule) her ſences will be mute:

Then will I triumph in my policy,
And match her with a king of *Brittany*.

Skalliger.

Ile to them before, and bewray your ſecrecy.

Perillus.

Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themſelves do firſt repent,
When heavenly powers do fruſtrate their intent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gonorill *and* Ragan.

Gonorill.

I marvel, *Ragan*, how you can indure
To ſee that proud pert peat, our youngeſt ſiſter,
So ſlightly to account of us, her elders,
As if we were no better then her ſelf!
We cannot have a quaint device ſo ſoone,
Or new made faſhion, of our choice invention;
But if ſhe like it, ſhe will have the ſame,
Or ſtudy newer to exceed us both.
Beſides, ſhe is ſo nice and ſo demure;
So ſober, courteous, modeſt, and preciſe,
That all the court hath work ynough to do,
To talke how ſhe exceedeth me and you.

Ragan.

What ſhould I do? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill:
Some deſperate medicine muſt be ſoone applied,
To dimme the glory of her mounting fame;
Els ere't be long, ſheele have both prick and praiſe,
And we muſt be ſet by for working dayes.
Doe you not ſee what ſeveral choice of ſuters
She daily hath, and of the beſt degree?
Say, amongſt all, ſhe hap to fancy one,
And have a huſband when as we have none:
Why then, by right, to her we muſt give place,
Though it be ne're ſo much to our diſgrace.

Gonorill.

By my virginity, rather then ſhe ſhall have
A huſband before me,
Ile marry one or other in his ſhirt:

And yet I have made halfe a graunt already
Of my good will unto the king of *Cornwall*.

Ragan.

Sweare not ſo deeply (ſiſter) here commeth my L. *Skalliger*.
Something his haſty comming doth import.

Enter Skalliger.

Skalliger.

Sweet princeſſes, I am glad I met you heere ſo luckily,
Having good newes which doth concerne you both,
And craveth ſpeedy expedition.

Ragan.

For Gods ſake tell us what it is, my lord,
I am with child untill you utter it.

Skalliger.

Madam, to ſave your longing, this it is:
Your father in great ſecrecy to day
Told me, he meanes to marry you out of hand
Unto the noble prince of *Cambria*;
You, madam, to the king of *Cornwalls* grace:
Your yonger ſiſter he would faine beſtow
Upon the rich king of *Hibernia*:
But that he doubts, ſhe hardly will conſent;
For hitherto ſhe ne're could fancy him.
If ſhe do yeeld, why then, betweene you three,
He will devide his kingdome for your dowries.
But yet there is a further myſtery,
Which, ſo you will conceale, I will diſcloſe.

Gonorill.

What e'er thou ſpeakſt to us, kind *Skalliger*,
Thinke that thou ſpeakſt it only to thy ſelfe.

Skalliger.

He earneſtly deſireth for to know,
Which of you three do beare moſt love to him,
And on your loves he ſo extremely dotes,
As never any did, I thinke, before.
He preſently doth meane to ſend for you,
To be reſolv'd of this tormenting doubt:
And looke, whoſe anſwere pleaſeth him the beſt,
They ſhall have moſt unto their marriages.

Ragan.

O that I had ſome pleaſing mermaids voice,
For to inchaunt his ſenceleſſe ſences with!

Skalliger.

For he ſuppoſeth that *Cordella* will
(Striving to go beyond you in her love)
Promiſe to do what ever he deſires:
Then will he ſtraight enjoine her for his ſake,
The *Hibernian* king in marriage for to take.
This is the ſumme of all I have to ſay;
Which being done, I humbly take my leave,
Not doubting but your wiſdomes will foreſee
What courſe will beſt unto your good agree.

Gonorill.

Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindnes undeſerved,
Shall not be unrequited, if we live. [*Exit* Skalliger.

Ragan.

Now have we fit occaſion offred us,
To be reveng'd upon her unperceiv'd.

Gonorill.

Nay, our revenge we will inflict on her
Shall be accounted piety in us:
I will ſo flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne're ſo flattred in his life.
Nay, I will ſay, that if it be his pleaſure,
To match me to a begger, I will yeeld:
For why, I know what ever I do ſay,
He meanes to match me with the *Cornwall* king.

Ragan.

Ile ſay the like: for I am well aſſured,
What e're I ſay to pleaſe the old mans mind,
Who dotes, as if he were a child againe,
I ſhall injoy the noble *Cambrian* prince:
Only, to feed his humour, will ſuffice,
To ſay, I am content with any one
Whom heele appoint me; this will pleaſe him more
Then e're *Appolloes* muſike pleaſed *Jove*.

Gonorill.

I ſmile to think, in what a wofull plight
Cordella will be, when we anſwere thus:

For ſhe will rather dye, then give conſent
To joine in marriage with the *Iriſh* king:
So will our father think, ſhe loveth him not,
Becauſe ſhe will not graunt to his deſire,
Which we will aggravate in ſuch bitter termes,
That he will ſoone convert his love to hate:
For he, you know, is alwayes in extremes.

Ragan.

Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir *and* Perillus.

Leir.

Perillus, go ſeeke my daughters,
Will them immediately come and ſpeak with me.

Perillus.

I will, my gracious lord. [*Exit.*

Leir.

Oh, what a combat feeles my panting heart,
'Twixt childrens love, and care of common weale!
How deare my daughters are unto my ſoul,
None knowes, but he, that knowes my thoghts and ſecret deeds.
Ah, little do they know the deare regard,
Wherein I hold their future ſtate to come:
When they ſecurely ſleepe on beds of downe,
Theſe aged eyes do watch for their behalfe:
While they like wantons ſport in youthful toyes,
This throbbing heart is pearſt with dire annoyes.
As doth the ſun exceed the ſmalleſt ſtarre,
So much the fathers love exceeds the childs.
Yet my complaynts are cauſleſſe: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, me thinks, my mind preſageth ſtill
I know not what; and yet I feare ſome ill.

Enter Perillus, *with the three daughters.*

Well, here my daughters come: I have found out
A preſent meanes to rid me of this doubt.

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

Our royal lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenour of your will,
Why you ſo haſtily have ſent for us.

Leir.

Deare *Gonorill*, kind *Ragan*, ſweet *Cordella*,
Ye floriſhing branches of a kingly ſtocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flouriſh greene,
Whoſe bloſſomes now are nipt with winters froſt,
And pale grym death doth wayt upon my ſteps,
And ſummons me unto his next aſſizes.
Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the ſafety
Of him that was the cauſe of your firſt being,
Reſolve a doubt which much moleſts my mind,
Which of you three to me would prove moſt kind;
Which loves me moſt, and which at my requeſt
Will ſooneſt yeeld unto their fathers heſt.

Gonorill.

I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters love to him:
Yet for my part, to ſhew my zeal to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearſt,
I prize my love to you at ſuch a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my love.
Should you injoine me for to tie a milſtone
About my neck, and leape into the ſea,
At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would aſcend
The higheſt turret in all *Brittany*,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground:
Nay, more, ſhould you appoint me for to marry
The meaneſt vaſſaile in the ſpacious world,
Without reply I would accompliſh it:
In briefe, commaund whatever you deſire,
And if I faile, no favour I require.

Leir.

O, how thy words revive my dying ſoule!

Cordella.

O, how I doe abhorre this flattery!

Leir.

But what ſayth *Ragan* to her father's will?

Ragan.

O, that my ſimple utterance could ſuffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And never can be quench'd, but by deſire
To ſhew the ſame in outward forwardneſſe.
Oh, that there were ſome other maid that durſt
But make a challenge of her love with me;
Ide make her ſoone confeſſe ſhe never loved
Her father halfe ſo well as I doe you.
I then my deeds ſhould prove in plainer caſe,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one meane ſuffice.
To ratify my love before your eyes:
I have right noble ſuters to my love,
No worſe then kings, and happely I love one:
Yes, would you have me make my choice anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.

Leir.

Did never *Philomel* ſing ſo ſweet a note.

Cordella.

Did never flatterer tell ſo falſe a tale.

Leir.

Speak now, *Cordella*, make my joyes at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy hony lips.

Cordella.

I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds ſhall make report for me:
But looke what love the child doth owe the father,
The ſame to you I beare, my gracious lord.

Gonorill.

Here is an anſwere anſwerleſſe indeed:
Were you my daughter, I ſhould ſcarcely brooke it.

Ragan.

Doſt thou not bluſh, proud peacock as thou art,
To make our father ſuch a ſlight reply?

Leir.

Leir.

Why how now, minion, are you growne ſo proud?
Doth our deare love make you thus peremptory?
What, is your love become ſo ſmall to us,
As that you ſcorne to tell us what it is?
Do you love us, as every child doth love
Their father? True indeed, as ſome,
Who by diſobedience ſhort their fathers dayes,
And ſo would you; ſome are ſo father-ſick,
That they make meanes to rid them from the world;
And ſo would you: ſome are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents live or die;
And ſo are you. But, didſt thou know, proud girle,
What care I had to foſter thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldſt ſay as thy ſiſters do:
Our life is leſſe, then love we owe to you.

Cordella.

Deare father, do not ſo miſtake my words,
Nor my plaine meaning be miſconſtrued;
My toung was never uſde to flattery.

Gonorill.

You were not beſt ſay I flatter: if you do,
My deeds ſhall ſhew, I flatter not with you.
I love my father better then thou canſt.

Cordella.

The praiſe were great, ſpoke from another's mouth:
But it ſhould ſeeme your neighbours dwell far off.

Ragan.

Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
As ſhe hath ſaid, both for myſelfe and her.
I ſay, thou doſt not wiſh my father's good.

Cordella.

Deare father——

Leir.

Peace, baſtard impe, no iſſue of king *Leir*,
I will not heare thee ſpeake one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou love thy life,
Nor theſe thy ſiſters once preſume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and truſt unto thyſelfe:

My

My kingdome will I equally devide
'Twixt thy two ſiſters to their royal dowre,
And will beſtow them worthy their deſerts:
This done, becauſe thou ſhalt not have the hope
To have a child's part in the time to come,
I preſently will diſpoſſeſſe myſelfe,
And ſet up theſe upon my princely throne.

Gonorill.

I ever thought that pride would have a fall.

Ragan.

Plaine dealing, ſiſter: your beauty is ſo ſheene,
You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.

[*Exeunt* Leir, Gonorill, Ragan.

Cordella.

Now whither, poore forſaken, ſhall I goe,
When mine owne ſiſters tryumph in my woe?
But unto him which doth protect the juſt,
In him will poore *Cordella* put her truſt.
Theſe hands ſhall labour, for to get my ſpending;
And ſo Ile live until my days have ending.

Perillus.

Oh, how I grieve, to ſee my lord thus fond,
To dote ſo much upon vaine flattering words.
Ah, if he but with good advice had weighed,
The hidden tenure of her humble ſpeech,
Reaſon to rage ſhould not have given place,
Nor poore *Cordella* ſuffer ſuch diſgrace. [*Exit.*

Enter the Gallian *king with* Mumford, *and three nobles more.*

King.

Diſſwade me not, my lords, I am reſolv'd,
This next faire wind to ſaile for *Brittany*,
In ſome diſguiſe, to ſee if flying fame
Be not too prodigal in the wondrous praiſe
Of theſe three nymphes, the daughters of king *Leir*.
If preſent view do anſwere abſent praiſe,
And eyes allow of what our ears have heard,
And *Venus* ſtand auſpicious to my vowes,
And fortune favour what I take in hand;

I will

I will returne ſeiz'd of as rich a prize
As *Iaſon*, when he wanne the golden fleece.

Mumford.

Heavens graunt you may: the match were ful of honor,
And well beſeeming the young *Gallian* king.
I would your grace would favour me ſo much,
As make me partner of your pilgrimage.
I long to ſee the gallant *Britiſh* dames,
And feed mine eyes upon their rare perfections:
For till I know the contrary, Ile ſay,
Our dames in *Fraunce* are far more faire then they.

King.

Lord *Mumford*, you have ſaved me a labour,
In offring that which I did meane to aſke:
And I moſt willingly accept your company.
Yet firſt I will injoine you to obſerve
Some few conditions which I ſhall propoſe.

Mumford.

So that you do not tye mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glaunces of faire dames:
So that you do not tye my tong from ſpeaking,
My lips from kiſſing, when occaſion ſerves,
My hands from congees, and my knees to bow
To gallant girles; which were a taſke more hard,
Then fleſh and bloud is able to indure:
Commaund what elſe you pleaſe, I reſt content.

King.

To bind thee from a thing thou canſt not leave,
Were but a meane to make thee ſeeke it more:
And therefore ſpeake, looke, kiſſe, ſalute for me;
In theſe myſelfe am like to ſecond thee.
Now heare thy taſke. I charge thee from the time
That firſt we ſet ſaile for the *Brittiſh* ſhore,
To uſe no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendlieſt manner that thou canſt,
Make uſe of me as thy companion:
For we will go diſguiſde in palmers weeds,
That no man ſhall miſtruſt us what we are.

Mumford.

Mumford.

If that be all, Ile fit your turne I warrant you. I am ſome kin to the *Blunts*, and, I think, the bluntеſt of all my kindred; therefore if I bee too blunt with you, thanke yourſelfe for praying me to be ſo.

King.

Thy pleaſant company will make the way ſeeme ſhort.
It reſteth now, that in my abſence hence,
I do commit the government to you
My truſty lords and faithful counſellers.
Time cutteth off the reſt I have to ſay:
The wind blowes faire, and I muſt needs away.

Nobles.

Heavens ſend your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpoſe to protect. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the king of Cornwall *and his man booted and ſpurd, a riding wand, and a letter in his hand.*

Cornwall.

But how far diſtant are we from the court?

Servant.

Some twenty miles, my lord, or thereabouts.

Cornwall.

It ſeemeth to me twenty thouſand miles:
Yet hope I to be there within this houre. [*To himſelfe.*

Servant.

Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I thinke my lord is weary of his life.

Cornwall.

Sweet *Gonorill*, I long to ſee thy face,
Which haſt ſo kindly gratified my love.

Enter the king of Cambria *booted and ſpurd, and his man with a wand and a letter.*

Cambria.

Get a freſh horſe: for by my ſoule I ſweare,
[*He lookes on the letter.*
I am paſt patience, longer to forbeare

The

The wiſhed ſight of my beloved miſtris,
Deare *Ragan*, ſtay and comfort of my life.

Servant.

Now what in God's name doth my lord intend?
[*To himſelfe.*
He thinks he ne'er ſhall come at's journey's end.
I would he had old *Dedalus* waxen wings,
That he might flye, ſo I might ſtay behind:
For ere we get to *Troynovant*, I ſee,
He quite will tire himſelfe, his horſe, and me.

Cornwall *and* Cambria *looke one upon another, and ſtart to ſee eche other there.*

Cornwall.

Brother of *Cambria*, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.

Cambria.

Brother of *Cornwall*, met in happy time:
I thought as much to have met with the ſouldan of *Perſia*,
As to have met you in this place, my lord.
No doubt, it is about ſome great affaires,
That makes you here ſo ſlenderly accompanied.

Cornwall.

To ſay the truth, my lord, it is no leſſe,
And for your part ſome haſty wind of chance
Hath blowne you hither thus upon the ſudden.

Cambria.

My lord, to break off further circumſtances,
For at this time I cannot brooke delayes:
Tell you your reaſon, I will tell you mine.

Cornwall.

In faith content, and therefore to be briefe;
For I am ſure my haſte's as great at yours:
I am ſent for, to come unto king *Leir*,
Who by theſe preſent letters promiſeth
His eldeſt daughter, lovely *Gonorill*,
To me in mariage, and for preſent dowry,
The moity of halfe his regiment,

The ladies love I long ago poſſeſt:
But until now I never had the fathers.

Cambria.

You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange newes, and henceforth we muſt brothers call;
Witneſſe theſe lines: his honourable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his crowne,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will beſtow
On me in mariage, with halfe his ſeigniories,
Whom I would gladly have accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are ſuch.

Cornwall.

If I have one halfe, and you have the other,
Then betweene us we muſt needs have the whole.

Cambria.

The hole! how meane you that? zlood, I hope,
We ſhall have two holes betweene us.

Cornwall.

Why, the whole kingdome.

Cambria.

I, that's very true.

Cornwall.

What then is left for his third daughters dowry,
Lovely *Cordella*, whom the world admires?

Cambria.

'Tis very ſtrange, I know not what to thinke,
Unleſſe they meane to make a nunne of her.

Cornwall.

'Twere pity ſuch rare beauty ſhould be hid
Within the compaſſe of a cloyſters wall:
But howſoe'er, if *Leir's* words prove true,
It will be good, my lord, for me and you.

Cambria.

Then let us haſte, all danger to prevent,
For feare delayes doe alter his intent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gonorill *and* Regan.

Gonorill.

Siſter, when did you ſee *Cordella* laſt,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good ynough

To ſpeake to her, becauſe (ſir-reverence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary?

Ragan.

Since time my father warnd her from his preſence,
I never ſaw her, that I can remember.
God give her joy of her ſurpaſſing beauty;
I thinke, her dowry will be ſmall ynough.

Gonorill.

I have incenſt my father ſo againſt her,
As he will never be reclaimd againe.

Ragan.

I was not much behind to do the like.

Gonorill.

Faith, ſiſter, what moves you to beare her ſuch good will?

Ragan.

In truth, I thinke, the ſame that moveth you;
Becauſe ſhe doth ſurpaſſe us both in beauty.

Gonorill.

Beſhrew your fingers, how right you can geſſe:
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.

Ragan.

But we will keepe her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting up too hie.

Gonorill.

Who ever hath her, ſhall have a rich mariage of her.

Ragan.

She were right fit to make a parſon's wife:
For they, men ſay, do love faire women well,
And many times doe marry them with nothing.

Gonorill.

With nothing! marry God forbid: why, are there any ſuch?

Ragan.

I mean, no money.

Gonorill.

I cry you mercy, I miſtooke you much:
And ſhe is far too ſtately for the church;
Sheele lay her huſband's benefice on her back,
Even in one gowne, if ſhe may have her will.

Ragan.

In faith, poore ſoul, I pitty her a little.
Would ſhe were leſſe faire, or more fortunate.

Well,

Well, I thinke long untill I ſee my *Morgan*,
The gallant prince of *Cambria*, here arrive.

Gonorill.

And ſo do I, until the *Cornwall* king
Preſent himſelfe, to conſummate my joyes.
Peace, here commeth my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus, *and others.*

Leir.

Ceaſe, good my lords, and ſue not to reverſe
Our cenſure, which is now irrevocable,
We have diſpatched letters of contract
Unto the kings of *Cambria* and of *Cornwall*;
Our hand and ſeale will juſtify no leſſe:
Then do not ſo diſhonour me, my lords,
As to make ſhipwrack of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the pellican,
That kils it ſelfe, to ſave her young ones lives:
And yet as jelous as the princely eagle,
That kils her young ones, if they do but dazell
Upon the radiant ſplendor of the ſunne.
Within this two dayes I expect their coming.

Enter kings of Cornwall *and* Cambria.

But in good time, they are arriv'd already.
This haſte of yours, my lords, doth teſtify
The fervent love you beare unto my daughters:
And think your ſelves as welcome to king *Leir*,
As ever *Pryams* children were to him.

Cornwall.

My gracious lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haſte:
But were my horſe as ſwift as was my will,
I long ere this had ſeene your majeſty. -

Cambria.

No other ſcuſe of abſence can I frame,
Then what my brother hath inform'd your grace:
For our undeſerved welcome, we do vowe,
Perpetually to reſt at your commaund.

Cornwall.

But you, ſweet love, illuſtrious *Gonorill*,
The regent, and the ſoveraigne of my ſoule,
Is *Cornwall* welcome to your excellency?

Gonorill.

As welcome, as *Leander* was to *Hero*,
Or brave *Aeneas* to the *Carthage* queene:
So and more welcome is your grace to me.

Cambria.

O, may my fortune prove no worſe then his,
Since heavens do know, my fancy is as much.
Deare *Ragan*, ſay, if welcome unto thee,
All welcomes elſe will little comfort me.

Ragan.

As gold is welcome to the covetous eye,
As ſleepe is welcome to the traveller,
As is freſh water to ſea-beaten men,
Or moiſtned ſhowres unto the parched ground,
Or any thing more welcomer then this,
So and more welcome lovely *Morgan* is.

Leir.

What reſteth then, but that we conſummate
The celebration of theſe nuptial rites?
My kingdome I do equally devide.
Princes, draw lots, and take your chaunce as falles.

[*Then they draw lots.*

Theſe I reſigne as freely unto you,
As earſt by true ſucceſſion they were mine.
And here I do freely diſpoſſeſſe my ſelfe,
And make you two my true adopted heires:
My ſelfe will ſojorne with my ſonne of *Cornwall*,
And take me to my prayers and my beades.
I know, my daughter *Ragan* will be ſorry,
Becauſe I do not ſpend my dayes with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once;
They are the kindeſt girles in *Chriſtendome*.

Perillus.

I have bin ſilent all this while, my lord,
To ſee if any worthier then my ſelfe,
Would once have ſpoke in poore *Cordellaes* cauſe:

But love or feare ties ſilence to their toungs.
Oh, heare me ſpeake for her, my gracious lord,
Whoſe deeds have not deſerv'd this ruthleſſe doome,
As thus to diſinherit her of all.

Leir.

Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life:
I ſay, ſhe is no daughter, that doth ſcorne
To tell her father how ſhe loveth him.
Who ever ſpeaketh hereof to mee againe,
I will eſteeme him for my mortal foe.
Come, let us in, to celebrate with joy,
The happy nuptialls of theſe lovely paires.

[*Exeunt omnes, manet* Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, who ſo blind, as they that will not ſee
The neere approch of their owne miſery?
Poore lady, I extremely pitty her:
And whileſt I live, eche drop of my heart blood
Will I ſtraine forth, to do her any good. [*Exit.*

Enter the Gallian *king, and* Mumford, *diſguiſed like pilgrims.*

Mumford.

My lord, how do you brook this *Brittiſh* aire?

King.

My lord, I told you of this fooliſh humour,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

Mumford.

Pardon me for once, my lord; I did forget.

King.

My lord againe? then let's have nothing elſe,
And ſo be tane for ſpies, and then tis well.

Mumford.

Swounds, I could bite my toung in two for anger:
For Gods ſake name yourſelf ſome proper name.

King.

Call me *Treſillus:* Ile call thee *Denapoll.*

Mumford.

Might I be made the monarch of the world,
I could not hit upon theſe names, I ſweare.

King.

Then call me *Will*, Ile call thee *Jacke*.

Mumford.

Well, be it ſo, for I have well deſerv'd to be cal'd *Jack*.

King.

Stand cloſe; for here a *Britiſh* lady commeth:

Enter Cordella.

A fairer creature ne're mine eyes beheld.

Cordella.

This is a day of joy unto my ſiſters,
Wherein they both are maried unto kings;
And I, by birth, as worthy as themſelves,
Am turnd into the world, to ſeeke my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle queene of chaunce,
That maketh me a patterne of her power?
Ah, poore weake maid, whoſe imbecility
Is far unable to indure theſe brunts.
Oh, father *Leir*, how doſt thou wrong thy child,
Who alwayes was obedient to thy will!
But why accuſe I fortune and my father?
No, no, it is the pleaſure of my God:
And I do willingly imbrace the rod.

King.

It is no goddeſſe; for ſhe doth complaine
On fortune, and th' unkindneſſe of her father.

Cordella.

Theſe coſtly robes ill fitting my eſtate,
I will exchange for other meaner habit.

Mumford.

Now if I had a kingdome in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milkmaids ſmock and peticoate,
That ſhe and I might ſhift our clothes together.

Cordella.

I will betake me to my threed and needle,
And earne my living with my fingers ends.

Mumford.

O brave! God willing, thou ſhalt have my cuſtome.
By ſweet S. *Denis*, here I ſadly ſweare,
For all the ſhirts and night-geare that I weare.

Cordella.

Cordella.

I will profeſſe and vow a maidens life.

Mumford.

Then I proteſt thou ſhalt not have my cuſtom.

King.

I can forbeare no longer for to ſpeak:
For if I do, I think my heart will breake.

Mumford.

Sblood, *Wil*, I hope you are not in love with my ſempſter.

King.

I am in ſuch a laborinth of love,
As that I know not which way to get out.

Mumford.

You'l ne're get out, unleſſe you firſt get in.

King.

I prithy *Jacke*, croſſe not my paſſions.

Mumford.

Prithy *Wil*, to her, and try her patience.

King.

Thou faireſt creature, whatſoere thou art,
That ever any mortal eyes beheld,
Vouchſafe to me, who have o'reheard thy woes,
To ſhew the cauſe of theſe thy ſad laments.

Cordella.

Ah pilgrims, what availes to ſhew the cauſe,
When there's no meanes to find a remedy?

King.

To utter griefe, doth eaſe a heart o'recharg'd.

Cordella.

To touch a ſore, doth aggravate the paine.

King.

The ſilly mouſe, by vertue of her teeth,
Releas'd the princely lion from the net.

Cordella.

Kind palmer, which ſo much deſir'ſt to heare
The tragick tale of my unhappy youth:
Know this in briefe, I am the hapleſſe daughter
Of *Leir*, ſometimes king of *Brittany*.

King.

Why, who debarres his honourable age,
From being ſtill the king of *Brittany*?

Cordella.

None, but himſelfe hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe,
And given all his kingdome to the kings
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, with my ſiſters.

King.

Hath he given nothing to your lovely ſelfe?

Cordella.

He lov'd me not, and therefore gave me nothing,
Only becauſe I could not flatter him:
And in this day of triumph to my ſiſters,
Doth fortune triumph in my overthrow.

King.

Sweet lady, ſay there ſhould come a king,
As good as either of your ſiſters huſbands,
To crave your love, would you accept of him?

Cordella.

Oh, doe not mocke with thoſe in miſery,
Nor do not think, though fortune have the power,
To ſpoile mine honour, and debaſe my ſtate,
That ſhe hath any intereſt in my mind:
For if the greateſt monarch on the earth,
Should ſue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could love, and heart could like,
Better then any that I ever ſaw,
His great eſtate no more ſhould move my mind,
Then mountaines move by blaſt of every wind.

King.

Think not, ſweet nymph, tis holy palmers guiſe,
To grieved ſoules freſh torments to deviſe:
Therefore in witneſſe of my true intent,
Let heaven and earth beare record of my words:
There is a young and luſty *Gallian* king,
So like to me, as I am to myſelfe,
That earneſtly doth crave to have thy love,
And joine with thee in *Hymens* ſacred bonds.

Cordella.

The like to thee did ne're theſe eyes behold;
Oh live to adde new torments to my griefe:
Why didſt thou thus intrap me unawares?
Ah palmer, my eſtate doth not befit

A kingly

A kingly mariage, as the caſe now ſtands.
Whilome when as I liv'd in honours height,
A prince perhaps might poſtulate my love:
Now miſery, diſhonour, and diſgrace,
Hath light on me, and quite reverſt the caſe.
Thy king will hold thee wiſe, if thou ſurceaſe
The ſute, whereas no dowry will inſue.
Then be adviſed, palmer, what to do:
Ceaſe for thy king, ſeeke for thy ſelfe to woo.

King.

Your birth's too high for any, but a king.

Cordella.

My mind is low ynough to love a palmer,
Rather then any king upon the earth.

King.

O, but you never can indure their life,
Which is ſo ſtraight and full of penury.

Cordella.

O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
Ile hold thy palmers ſtaffe within my hand,
And thinke it is the ſcepter of a queene.
Sometime Ile ſet thy bonnet on my head,
And thinke I weare a rich imperial crowne.
Sometime Ile helpe thee in thy holy prayers,
And thinke I am with thee in paradiſe.
Thus Ile mock fortune, as ſhe mocketh me,
And never will my lovely choice repent:
For, having thee, I ſhall have all content.

King.

'Twere ſin to hold her longer in ſuſpence,
Since that my ſoule hath vow'd ſhe ſhall be mine.
Ah, deare *Cordella*, cordial to my heart,
I am no palmer, as I ſeeme to be,
But hither come in this unknowne diſguiſe,
To view th' admired beauty of thoſe eyes.
I am the king of *Gallia*, gentle maid,
(Although thus ſlenderly accompanied),
And yet thy vaſſaile by imperious love,
And ſworne to ſerve thee everlaſtingly.

Cordella.

Cordella.

What e're you be, of high or low diſcent,
All's one to me, I do requeſt but this:
That as I am, you will accept of me,
And I will have you whatſoe're you be:
Yet well I know, you come of royal race,
I ſee ſuch ſparks of honour in your face.

Mumford.

Have palmers weeds ſuch power to win faire ladies?
Faith, then I hope the next that falles is mine:
Upon condition I no worſe might ſpeed,
I would for ever weare a palmers weed.
I like an honeſt and plaine dealing wench,
That ſweares (without exceptions) I will have you.
Theſe foppets, that know not whether to love a man or no, except they firſt go aſke their mothers leave, by this hand, I hate them ten times worſe then poiſon.

King.

What reſteth then our happineſſe to procure?

Mumford.

Faith, go to church, to make the matter ſure.

King.

It ſhall be ſo, becauſe the world ſhall ſay,
King *Leirs* three daughters were wedded in one day:
The celebration of this happy chaunce,
We will deferre, until we come to *Fraunce.*

Mumford.

I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.
Well, for her ſake, I know what I know:
Ile never marry whileſt I live,
Except I have one of theſe *Brittiſh* ladies,
My humour is alienated from the maids of *Fraunce.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perillus *ſolus.*

Perillus.

The king hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe of all,
Thoſe to advaunce, which ſcarce will give him thanks:
His youngeſt daughter he hath turnd away,
And no man knowes what is become of her.

He

He ſojourns now in *Cornwall* with the eldeſt,
Who ſtattred him, until ſhe did obtaine
That at his hands, which now ſhe doth poſſeſſe:
And now ſhe ſees hee hath no more to give,
It grieves her heart to ſee her father live,
Oh, whom ſhould man truſt in this wicked age,
When children thus againſt their parents rage?
But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply:
Yet ſhames ſhe not in moſt opprobrious ſort,
To call him foole and doterd to his face,
And ſets her paraſites of purpoſe oft,
In ſcoffing wiſe to offer him diſgrace.
Oh yron age! O times! O monſtrous, vilde,
When parents are contemned of the child!
His penſion ſhe hath halfe reſtrain'd from him,
And will, ere long, the other halfe, I feare;
For ſhe thinks nothing is beſtowde in vaine,
But that which doth her father's life maintaine.
Truſt not alliance; but truſt ſtrangers rather,
Since daughters prove diſloyal to the father.
Well, I will counſel him the beſt I can:
Would I were able to redreſſe his wrong,
Yet what I can, unto my utmoſt power,
He ſhall be ſure of to the lateſt houre. [*Exit.*

Enter Gonorill *and* Skalliger.

Gonorill.

I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkſt:
Could any woman of our dignity
Endure ſuch quips and peremptory taunts,
As I do daily from my doting father?
Doth't not ſuffice that I him keepe of almes,
Who is not able for to keepe himſelfe?
But as if he were our better, he ſhould thinke
To check and ſnap me up at every word.
I cannot make me a new faſhioned gowne,
And ſet it forth with more then common coſt;

But

But his old doting doltiſh withered wit,
Is ſure to give a fenceleſſe check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace myſelfe, and ſpread my name abroad,
But he, old foole, is captious by and by,
And ſaith, the coſt would well ſuffice for twice.
Judge then, I pray, what reaſon is't, that I
Should ſtand alone charg'd with his vaine expence,
And that my ſiſter *Ragan* ſhould go free,
To whom he gave as much, as unto me?
I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
By any meanes to rid me of this woe.

Skalliger.

Your many favours ſtill beſtowde on me,
Binde me in duty to adviſe your grace,
How you may ſooneſt remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him ſo forget himſelfe:
Therefore abbridge it halfe, and you ſhall ſee,
That having leſſe, he will more thankful be:
For why, abundance maketh us forget
The fountaines whence the benefits do ſpring.

Gonorill.

Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kind advice herein,
I will not be ungrateful, if I live:
I have reſtrained halfe his portion already,
And I will preſently reſtraine the other,
That having no meanes to releeve himſelfe,
He may go ſeeke elſewhere for better helpe. [*Exit.*

Skalliger,

Go, viperous woman, ſhame to all thy ſexe:
The heavens, no doubt, will puniſh thee for this:
And me a villaine, that to curry favour,
Have given the daughter counſel 'gainſt the father.
But us the world doth this experience give,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot live. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter king of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus, *and nobles.*

Cornwall.

Father, what aileth you to be ſo ſad?
Methinks, you frollike not as you were wont.

Leir.

The neerer we do grow unto our graves,
The leſſe we do delight in worldly joyes.

Cornwall.

But if a man can frame himſelfe to mirth,
It is a meane for to prolong his life.

Leir.

Then welcome ſorrow, *Leir's* only friend,
Who doth deſire his troubled dayes had end.

Cornwall.

Comfort yourſelfe, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieve, I know, to ſee you ſad.

Enter Gonorill.

Leir.

But more doth grieve, I feare, to ſee me live.

Cornwall.

My *Gonorill*, you come in wiſhed time,
To put your father from theſe penſive dumps.
In faith, I feare that all things go not well.

Gonorill.

What, do you feare, that I have angred him?
Hath he complained of me unto my lord?
Ile provide him a piece of bread and cheeſe;
For in a time heele practiſe nothing elſe,
Then carry tales from one unto another.
'Tis all his practiſe for to kindle ſtrife,
'Twixt you, my lord, and me your loving wife:
But I will take an order, if I can,
To ceaſe th' effect, where firſt the cauſe began.

Cornwall.

Sweet, be not angry in a partial cauſe,
He ne'er complain'd of thee in all his life.
Father, you muſt not weigh a woman's words.

Leir.

Leir.

Alas, not I: poore ſoule, ſhe breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her ſo tutchy ſure.

Gonorill.

What, breeds young bones already! you will make
An honeſt woman of me then, belike.
O vild olde wretch! who ever heard the like,
That ſeeketh thus his owne child to defame?

Cornwall.

I cannot ſtay to heare this diſcord ſound. [*Exit.*

Gonorill.

For any one that loves your company,
You may go pack, and ſeeke ſome other place,
To ſowe the ſeed of diſcord and diſgrace. [*Exit.*

Leir.

Thus, ſay or do the beſt that e'er I can,
'Tis wreſted ſtraight into another ſence:
This puniſhment my heavy ſinnes deſerve,
And more then this ten thouſand thouſand times:
Elſe aged *Leir* them could never find
Cruel to him, to whom he hath bin kind.
Why do I over-live myſelfe, to ſee
The courſe of nature quite reverſt in me?
Ah, gentle death, if ever any wight
Did wiſh thy preſence with a perfit zeale:
Then come, I pray thee, even with all my heart,
And end my ſorrowes with thy fatal dart. [*He weepes.*

Perillus.

Ah, do not ſo diſconſolate yourſelfe,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with waſting tears.

Leir.

What man art thou that takeſt any pity
Upon the worthleſſe ſtate of old *Leir?*

Perillus.

One, who doth beare as great a ſhare of griefe,
As if it were my deareſt father's caſe.

Leir.

Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou adviſde,
For to conſort with miſerable men:

Go

Go learne to flatter, where thou mayſt in time
Get favour 'mongſt the mighty, and ſo clime:
For now I am ſo poore and full of want,
As that I ne're can recompence thy love.

Perillus.

What's got by flattery, doth not long indure;
And men in favour live not moſt ſecure.
My conſcience tels me, if I ſhould forſake you,
I were the hatefulſt excrement on the earth:
Which well do know, in courſe of former time,
How good my lord hath bin to me and mine.

Leir.

Did I ere raiſe thee higher then the reſt
Of all thy anceſtors which were before?

Perillus.

I ne're did ſeeke it; but by your good grace,
I ſtill injoyed my owne with quietneſſe.

Leir.

Did I ere give thee living, to increaſe
The due revenues which thy father left?

Perillus.

I had ynough, my lord, and having that,
What ſhould you need to give me any more?

Leir.

Oh, did I ever diſpoſſeſſe my ſelfe,
And give thee halfe my kingdome in good will?

Perillus.

Alas, my lord, there were no reaſon, why
You ſhould have ſuch a thought, to give it me.

Leir.

Nay, if thou talke of reaſon, then be mute;
For with good reaſon I can thee confute.
If they, which firſt by natures ſacred law
Do owe to me the tribute of their lives;
If they to whom I alwayes have bin kinde,
And bountiful beyond compariſon;
If they, for whom I have undone my ſelfe,
And brought my age unto this extreme want,
Do now reject, contemne, deſpiſe, abhor me,
What reaſon moveth thee to ſorrow for me?

Perillus.

Where reaſon failes, let teares confirme my love,
And ſpeake how much your paſſions do me move.
Ah, good my lord, condemne not all for one:
You have two daughters left, to whom I know
You ſhall be welcome, if you pleaſe to go.

Leir.

Oh, how thy words adde ſorrow to my ſoule,
To thinke of my unkindneſſe to *Cordella!*
Whom cauſeleſſe I did diſpoſſeſſe of all.
Upon th' unkind ſuggeſtions of her ſiſters:
And for her ſake, I thinke this heavy doome
Is falne on me, and not without deſert:
Yet unto *Ragan* was I alwayes kinde,
And gave to her the halfe of all I had:
It may be, if I ſhould to her repaire,
She would be kinder, and intreat me faire.

Perillus.

No doubt ſhe would, and practiſe ere't be long,
By force of armes for to redreſſe your wrong.

Leir.

Well, ſince thou doeſt adviſe me for to go,
I am reſolv'd to try the worſt of wo. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan *ſolus.*

Ragan.

How may I bleſſe the howre of my nativity,
Which bodeth unto me ſuch happy ſtarres!
How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchſafes
To all my actions, ſuch deſir'd event!
I rule the king of *Cambria* as I pleaſe:
The ſtates are all obedient to my will;
And looke what ere I ſay, it ſhall be ſo;
Not any one, that dareth anſwere no.
My eldeſt ſiſter lives in royal ſtate,
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree:
Yet hath ſhe ſuch a cooling card withall,
As that her hony ſavoureth much of gall.

My father with her is quarter-maſter ſtill,
And many times reſtraines her of her will:
But if he were with me, and ſerv'd me ſo,
Ide ſend him packing ſome where elſe to go.
Ide entertaine him with ſuch ſlender coſt,
That he ſhould quickly wiſh to change his hoſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, *and attendants.*

Cornwall.

Ah, *Gonorill*, what dire unhappy chaunce
Hath ſequeſtred thy father from our preſence,
That no report can yet be heard of him?
Some great unkindneſſe hath bin offred him,
Exceeding far the bounds of patience:
Elſe all the world ſhall never me perſwade,
He would forſake us without notice made.

Gonorill.

Alas, my lord, whom doth it touch ſo neere,
Or who hath intereſt in this griefe, but I,
Whom ſorrow had brought to her longeſt home,
But that I know his qualities ſo well?
I know, he is but ſtolne upon my ſiſter
At unawares, to ſee her how ſhe fares,
And ſpend a little time with her, to note
How all things goe, and how ſhe likes her choice:
And when occaſion ſerves, heele ſteale from her,
And unawares returne to us againe.
Therefore, my lord, be frolick, and reſolve
To ſee my father here againe ere long.

Cornwall.

I hope ſo too; but yet to be more ſure,
Ile ſend a poſte immediately to know
Whether he be arrived there or no. [*Exit.*

Gonorill.

But I will intercept the meſſenger,
And temper him before he doth depart
With ſweet perſwaſions, and with found rewards,
That his report ſhall ratify my ſpeech,
And make my lord ceaſe further to inquire.
If he be not gone to my ſiſters court,

As ſure my mind perſageth that he is,
He happely may, by travelling unknowne wayes,
Fall ſicke, and as a common paſſenger,
Be dead and buried: would God it were ſo well;
For then there were no more to do, but this,
He went away, and none knowes where he is.
But ſay he be in *Cambria* with the king,
And there exclaime againſt me, as he will:
I know he is as welcome to my ſiſter,
As water is into a broken ſhip.
Well, after him Ile ſend ſuch thunderclaps
Of ſlaunder, ſcandal, and invented tales,
That all the blame ſhall be remov'd from me,
And unperceiv'd rebound upon himſelfe.
Thus with one naile another Ile expel,
And make the world judge, that I uſde him well.

Enter the meſſenger that ſhould go to Cambria, *with a letter in his hand.*

Gonorill.

My honeſt friend, whither away ſo faſt?

Meſſenger.

To *Cambria*, madam, with letters from the king.

Gonorill.

To whom?

Meſſenger.

Unto your father, if he be there.

Gonorill.

Let me ſee them. [*She opens them.*

Meſſenger.

Madam, I hope your grace will ſtand
Betweene me and my neck-verſe, if I be
Call'd in queſtion, for opening the king's letters.

Gonorill.

'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.

Meſſenger.

I, but you need not care; and ſo muſt I,
A handſome man, be quickly truſt up,
And when a man's hang'd, all the world cannot ſave him.

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the leaſt degree,
I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

Meſſenger.

I am o'er-joy'd, I ſurfet of ſweet words:
Kind queene, had I a hundred lives, I would
Spend ninety-nine of them for you, for that word.

Gonorill.

I, but thou wouldſt keepe one life ſtill,
And that's as many as thou art like to have.

Meſſenger.

That one life is not too deare for my good queene; this ſword, this buckler, this head, this heart, theſe hands, armes, legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members elſe whatſoever, are at your diſpoſe; uſe me, truſt me, commaund me: if I faile in any thing, tie me to a dung cart, and make a ſcavengers horſe of me, and whip me ſo long as I have any ſkin on my back.

Gonorill.

In token of further imployment, take that.

[*Flings him a purſe.*

Meſſenger.

A ſtrong bond, a firme obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keepe not the condition, let my necke be the forfeiture of my negligence.

Gonorill.

I like thee well, thou haſt a good toung.

Meſſenger.

And as bad a toung, if it be ſet on it, as any oyſterwife at *Billinſgate* hath: why, I have made many of my neighbours forſake their houſes with railing upon them, and go dwell elſe where; and ſo by my meanes houſes have bin good cheape in our pariſh: my toung being well whetted with choller, is more ſharpe then a razer of *Palerno*.

Gonorill.

O thou art a fit man for my purpoſe.

Meſſenger.

Commend me not, ſweet queene, before you try me.
As my deſerts are, ſo do think of me.

Gonorill.

Well ſaid, then this is thy trial: inſtead of carrying the king's letters to my father, carry thou theſe letters to my ſiſter, which containe matter quite contrary to the other: there ſhall ſhe be given to underſtand, that my father hath detracted her, given out ſlaundrous ſpeaches againſt her; and that hee hath moſt intollerably abuſed me, ſet my lord and me at variance, and made mutinies amongſt the commons.
Theſe things (although it be not ſo)
Yet thou muſt affirme them to be true,
With othes and proteſtations as will ſerve
To drive my ſiſter out of love with him,
And cauſe my will accompliſhed to be.
This do, thou winſt my favour for ever,
And makeſt a hye way of preferment to thee
And all thy friends.

Meſſenger.

It ſufficeth, conceit it is already done:
I will ſo toung-whip him, that I will
Leave him as bare of credit, as a poulter
Leaves a cony, when ſhe pulls off his ſkin.

Gonorill.

Yet there is a further matter.

Meſſenger.

I thirſt to heare it.

Gonorill.

If my ſiſter thinketh convenient, as my letters importeth, to make him away, haſt thou the heart to effect it?

Meſſenger.

Few words are beſt in ſo ſmall a matter:
Theſe are but trifles. By this booke I will. [*Kiſſes the paper.*

Gonorill.

About it preſently, I long till it be done.

Meſſenger.

I fly, I fly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cordella *ſolus.*

Cordella.

I have bin over-negligent to day,
In going to the temple of my God,

To

To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculouſly hath beſtowed on me,
In raiſing me out of my meane eſtate,
When as I was devoid of worldly friends,
And placing me in ſuch a ſweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deſerts.
My kingly huſband, myrrour of his time,
For zeale, for juſtice, kindneſſe, and for care
To God, his ſubjects, me, and common weale,
By his appointment was ordained for me.
I cannot wiſh the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may have,
Save only this which I ſhall ne're obtaine,
My father's love, oh this I ne're ſhall gaine.
I would abſtaine from any nutryment,
And pine my body to the very bones:
Bare foote I would on pilgrimage ſet forth
Unto the furtheſt quarters of the earth,
And all my life-time would I ſackcloth weare,
And mourning-wiſe powre duſt upon my head:
So he but to forgive me once would pleaſe,
That his gray haires might go to heaven in peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein juſtly I have deſerved blame.
Oh, ſiſters! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong:
Yet God forgive both him, and you, and me;
Even as I doe in perfit charity.
I will to church, and pray unto my Saviour,
That ere I die, I may obtaine his favour. [*Exit.*

Enter Leir *and* Perillus *faintly.*

Perillus.

Reſt on me, my lord, and ſtay yourſelfe,
The way ſeemes tedious to your aged limmes.

Leir.

Nay, reſt on me, kind friend, and ſtay thyſelfe,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

Perillus.

Ah, good my lord, it ill befits, that I
Should leane upon the perſon of a king.

Leir.

But it fits worſe, that I ſhould bring thee forth,
That had no cauſe to come along with me,
Through theſe uncouth paths, and tireful wayes,
And never eaſe thy fainting limmes a whit.
Thou haſt left all, I, all to come with me,
And I, for all, have nought to guerdon thee.

Perillus.

Ceaſe, good my lord, to aggravate my woes
With theſe kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will ſhould want the power to do.

Leir.

Ceaſe, good *Perillus*, for to call me lord,
And think me but the ſhaddow of myſelfe.

Perillus.

That honourable title will I give
Unto my lord, ſo long as I do live.
Oh, be of comfort; for I ſee the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her reſidence.
And loe, in happy time the *Cambrian* prince
Is here arriv'd, to gratify our comming.

Enter the prince of Cambria, Ragan, *and nobles: looke upon them, and whiſper together.*

Leir.

Were I beſt ſpeak, or ſit me downe and dye?
I am aſham'd to tell this heavy tale.

Perillus.

Then let me tell it, if you pleaſe, my lord:
'Tis ſhame for them that were the cauſe thereof.

Cambria.

What two old men are thoſe that ſeeme ſo ſad?
Me thinks, I ſhould remember well their lookes.

Ragan.

No, I miſtake not, ſure it is my father:
I muſt diſſemble kindneſſe now of force.

She runneth to him, and kneeles downe, ſaying:

Father, I bid you welcome, full of griefe,
To ſee your grace uſde thus unworthily,
And ill befitting for your reverend age,
To come on foot a journey ſo indurable.
Oh, what diſaſter chaunce hath bin the cauſe,
To make your cheeks ſo hollow, ſpare and leane?
He cannot ſpeake for weeping: for God's love, come,
Let us refreſh him with ſome needful things,
And at more leiſure we may better know,
Whence ſprings the ground of this unlookt-for wo.

Cambria.

Come, father, ere we any further talke,
You ſhall refreſh you after this weary walk.

[*Exeunt, manet* Ragan.

Ragan.

Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale againſt my ſiſter here?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abuſde:
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He firſt begins for to complaine himſelfe,
When as himſelfe is in the greateſt fault?
Ile not be partial in my ſiſter's cauſe,
Not yet beleeve his doting vaine reports:
Who for a trifle (ſafely) I dare ſay,
Upon a ſpleene is ſtolen thence away:
And here (forſooth) he hopeth to have harbour,
And to be moan'd and made on like a child:
But ere't be long, his comming he ſhall curſe,
And truely ſay, he came from bad to worſe:
Yet will I make faire weather, to procure
Convenient meanes, and then Ile ſtrike it ſure. [*Exit.*

Enter Meſſenger ſolus.

Meſſenger.

Now happily I am arrived here,
Before the ſtately palace of the *Cambrian* king:
If *Leir* be here ſafe-ſeated, and in reſt,
To rowſe him from it I will do my beſt.

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your vertue is (no doubt)
To make me in my meſſage bold and ſtout.
The King of heaven preſerve your majeſty,
And ſend your highneſſe everlaſting raigne.

Ragan.

Thanks, good my friend; but what imports thy meſſage?

Meſſenger.

Kind greetings from the *Cornwall* queene:
The reſidue theſe letters will declare. [*She opens the letters.*

Ragan.

How fares our royal ſiſter?

Meſſenger.

I did leave her, at my parting, in good health.

[*She reads the letter, frownes, and ſtamps.*

See how her colour comes and goes againe,
Now red as ſcarlet, now as pale as aſh:
See how ſhe knits her brow, and bites her lips,
And ſtamps, and makes a dumbe ſhew of diſdaine,
Mixt with revenge, and violent extreames.
Here will be more worke and more crownes for me.

Ragan.

Alas, poore ſoule, and hath he uſde her thus?
And is he now come hither, with intent
To ſet divorce betwixt my lord and me?
Doth he give out, that he doth heare report,
That I do rule my huſband as I liſt,
And therefore meanes to alter ſo the caſe,
That I ſhall know my lord to be my head?
Well, it were beſt for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For his preſumption, dottard that he is.
In *Cornwall* he hath made ſuch mutinies,
Firſt, ſetting of the king againſt the queene;
Then ſtirring up the commons 'gainſt the king;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had bin call'd in queſtion for his fact.
So upon that occaſion thence he fled,
And comes thus ſlily ſtealing unto us:

And now already ſince his coming hither,
My lord and he are growne in ſuch a league,
That I can have no conference with his grace:
I feare, he doth already intimate
Some forged cavillations 'gainſt my ſtate:
'Tis therefore beſt to cut him off in time,
Leſt ſlaunderous rumours once abroad diſperſt,
It is too late for them to be reverſt.
Friend, as the tennour of theſe letters ſhewes,
My ſiſter puts great confidence in thee.

Meſſenger.

She never yet committed truſt to me,
But that (I hope) ſhe found me alwayes faithful:
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occaſion to imploy my helpe.

Ragan.

Haſt thou the heart to act a ſtratagem,
And give a ſtabbe or two, if need require:

Meſſenger.

I have a heart compact of adamant,
Which never knew what melting pitty meant.
I weigh no more the murdring of a man,
Then I reſpect the cracking of a flea,
When I doe catch her biting on my ſkin.
If you will have your huſband or your father,
Or both of them ſent to another world,
Do but commaund me doo't, it ſhall be done.

Ragan.

It is ynough, we make no doubt of thee:
Meet us to morrow here, at nine a clock:
Meane while, farewel, and drink that for my ſake. [*Exit.*

Meſſenger.

I, this is it will make me do the deed:
Oh, had I every day ſuch cuſtomers,
This were the gainefulſt trade in *Chriſtendome!*
A purſe of gold giv'n for a paltry ſtabbe!
Why, heres a wench that longs to have a ſtabbe.
Wel, I could give it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Enter

Enter the Gallian *king, and* Cordella.

King.

When will theſe clouds of ſorrow once diſperſe,
And ſmiling joy triumph upon thy brow?
When will this ſcene of ſadneſſe have an end,
And pleaſant acts inſue, to move delight?
When will my lovely queene ceaſe to lament,
And take ſome comfort to her grieved thoughts?
If of thyſelfe thou daignſt to have no care,
Yet pitty me, whom thy griefe makes deſpaire.

Cordella.

O, grieve not you, my lord, you have no cauſe;
Let not my paſſions move your mind a whit:
For I am bound by nature to lament
For his ill will, that life to me firſt lent.
If ſo the ſtocke be dryed with diſdaine,
Withered and fere the branch muſt needs remaine.

King.

But thou art now graft in another ſtock;
I am the ſtock, and thou the lovely branch;
And from my root continual ſap ſhall flow,
To make thee flouriſh with perpetual ſpring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forſake thee like inhumane beaſtes;
Thinke they are dead, ſince all their kindneſſe dies,
And bury them, where black oblivion lies.
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,
Who did unkindly diſinherit thee:
But think thou art the noble *Gallian* queene,
And wife to him that dearely loveth thee:
Embrace the joyes that preſent with thee dwell,
Let ſorrow packe and hide herſelfe in hell.

Cordella.

Not that I miſſe my country or my kinne,
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit diſtemperate my mind,
Knowing you, which are more deare to me
Then country, kin, and all things els can be.

Yet

Yet pardon me, my gracious lord, in this:
For what can ſtop the courſe of nature's power?
As eaſy is it for foure-footed beaſts,
To ſtay themſelves upon the liquid aire,
And mount aloft into the element,
And overſtrip the feathered fowles in flight:
As eaſy is it for the ſlimy fiſh,
To live and thrive without the helpe of water:
As eaſy is it for the blackamoore,
To waſh the tawny colour from his ſkin,
Which all oppoſe againſt the courſe of nature:
As I am able to forget my father.

King.

Myrrour of vertue, *Phœnix* of our age!
Too kind a daughter for an unkind father,
Be of good comfort; for I will diſpatch
Ambaſſadors immediately for *Brittaine*,
Unto the king of *Cornwall's* court, whereas
Your father keepeth now his reſidence,
And in the kindeſt maner him intreat,
That, ſetting former grievances apart,
He will be pleaſde to come and viſit us.
If no intreaty will ſuffice the turne,
Ile offer him the halfe of all my crowne:
If that moves not, weele furniſh out a fleet,
And ſaile to *Cornwall* for to viſit him;
And there you ſhall be firmely reconcilde
In perfit love, as earſt you were before.

Cordella.

Where toung cannot ſufficient thanks afford,
The king of heaven remunerate my lord.

King.

Only be blithe, and frolick (ſweet) with me:
This and much more Ile do to comfort thee.

Enter Meſſenger ſolus.

Meſſenger.

It is a world to ſee now I am fluſh,
How many friends I purchaſe every where!

How

How many ſeekes to creepe into my favour,
And kiſſe their hands, and bend their knees to me!
No more, here comes the queene, now ſhall I know her mind,
And hope for to derive more crownes from her.

Enter Ragan.

Ragan.

My friend, I ſee thou mind'ſt thy promiſe well,
And art before me here, me thinks, to day.

Meſſenger.

I am a poore man, and it like your grace;
But yet I alwayes love to keepe my word.

Ragan.

Wel, keepe thy word with me, and thou ſhalt ſee,
That of a poore man I will make thee rich.

Meſſenger.

I long to heare it, it might have bin diſpatcht,
If you had told me of it yeſternight.

Ragan.

It is a thing of right ſtrange conſequence,
And well I cannot utter it in words.

Meſſenger.

It is more ſtrange, that I am not by this
Beſide myſelfe, with longing for to heare it.
Were it to meet the devil in his denne,
And try a bout with him for a ſcratcht face,
Ide undertake it, if you would but bid me.

Ragan.

Ah, good my friend, that I ſhould have thee do
Is ſuch a thing, as I do ſhame to ſpeake;
Yet it muſt needs be done.

Meſſenger.

Ile ſpeake it for thee, queene: ſhall I kill thy father?
I know 'tis that; and if it be ſo, ſay.

Ragan.

I.

Meſſenger.

Why, that's ynough.

Ragan.

And yet that is not all.

Meſſenger.

Meſſenger.

What elſe?

Ragan.

Thou muſt kill that old man that came with him.

Meſſenger.

Here are two hands, for eche of them is one.

Ragan.

And for eche hand here is a recompence.

[*Gives him two purſes.*

Meſſenger.

Oh, that I had ten hands by miracle!
I could teare ten in pieces with my teeth,
So in my mouth youlde put a purſe of gold.
But in what manner muſt it be effected?

Ragan.

To morrow morning ere the breake of day,
I by a wyle will ſend them to the thicket,
That is about ſome two miles from the court,
And promiſe them to meet them there myſelfe,
Becauſe I muſt have private conference,
About ſome news I have receiv'd from *Cornwall*.
This is ynough, I know, they will not faile,
And then be ready for to play thy part:
Which done, thou mayſt right eaſily eſcape,
And no man once miſtruſt thee for the fact:
But yet, before thou proſecute the act,
Shew him the letter, which my ſiſter ſent,
There let him read his owne inditement firſt,
And then proceed to execution:
But ſee thou faint not; for they will ſpeake faire.

Meſſenger.

Could he ſpeak words as pleaſing as the pipe
Of *Mercury*, which charm'd the hundred eyes
Of watchful *Argos*, and inforc'd him ſleepe:
Yet here are words ſo pleaſing to my thoughts, [*To the purſe.*
As quite ſhall take away the ſound of his. [*Exit.*

Ragan.

About it then, and when thou haſt diſpatcht,
Ile find a meanes to ſend thee after him. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Cornwall *and* Gonorill.

Cornwall.

I wonder that the meſſenger doth ſtay,
Whom we diſpatcht for *Cambria* ſo long ſince:
If that his anſwere do not pleaſe us well,
And he do ſhew good reaſon for delay,
Ile teach him how to dally with his king,
And to detaine us in ſuch long ſuſpence.

Gonorill.

My lord, I thinke the reaſon may be this:
My father meanes to come along with him;
And therefore 'tis his pleaſure he ſhall ſtay,
For to attend upon him on the way.

Cornwall.

It may be ſo, and therefore till I know
The truth thereof, I will ſuſpend my judgement.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

And't like your grace, there is an ambaſſador
Arrived from *Gallia*, and craves admittance to your majeſty.

Cornwall.

From *Gallia?* what ſhould his meſſage
Hither import? is not your father happely
Gone thither? well, whatſoere it be,
Bid him come in, he ſhall have audience.

Enter Ambaſſador.

What newes from *Gallia?* ſpeake, ambaſſador.

Ambaſſador.

The noble king and queene of *Gallia* firſt ſalutes,
By me, their honourable father, my lord *Leir*:
Next, they commend them kindly to your graces,
As thoſe whoſe wellfare they intirely wiſh.
Letters I have to deliver to my lord *Leir*,
And preſents too, if I might ſpeake with him.

Gonorill.

If you might ſpeak with him? why, do you thinke,
We are afraid that you ſhould ſpeake with him?

Ambaſſador.

Ambaſſador.

Pardon me, madam; for I thinke not ſo,
But ſay ſo only, 'cauſe he is not here.

Cornwall.

Indeed, my friend, upon ſome urgent cauſe,
He is at this time abſent from the court:
But if a day or two you here repoſe,
'Tis very likely you ſhall have him here,
Or elſe have certaine notice where he is.

Gonorill.

Are not we worthy to receive your meſſage?

Ambaſſador.

I had in charge to do it to himſelfe.

Gonorill.

It may be then 'twill not be done in haſte. [*To herſelfe.*
How doth my ſiſter brooke the aire of *Fraunce?*

Ambaſſador.

Exceeding well, and never ſicke one houre,
Since firſt ſhe ſet her foot upon the ſhore.

Gonorill.

I am the more ſorry.

Ambaſſador.

I hope not ſo, madam.

Gonorill.

Didſt thou not ſay, that ſhe was ever ſicke,
Since the firſt houre that ſhe arrived there?

Ambaſſador.

No, madam, I ſaid quite contrary.

Gonorill.

Then I miſtooke thee.

Cornwall.

Then ſhe is merry, if ſhe have her health.

Ambaſſador.

Oh no, her griefe exceeds, until the time
That ſhe be reconcil'd unto her father.

Gonorill.

God continue it.

Ambaſſador.

What, madam?

Gonorill.

Why, her health.

Ambaſſador.

Amen to that: but God releaſe her griefe,
And ſend her father in a better mind,
Then to continue alwayes ſo unkind.

Cornwall.

Ile be a mediator in her cauſe,
And ſeeke all meanes to expiat his wrath.

Ambaſſador.

Madam, I hope your grace will do the like.

Gonorill.

Should I be a meane to exaſperate his wrath
Againſt my ſiſter, whom I love ſo deare? no, no.

Ambaſſador.

To expiate or mittigate his wrath:
For he hath miſconceived without a cauſe.

Gonorill.

O, I, what elſe?

Ambaſſador.

'Tis pity it ſhould be ſo; would it were otherwiſe.

Gonorill.

It were great pity it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Ambaſſador.

Then how, madam?

Gonorill.

Then that they ſhould be reconcilde againe.

Ambaſſador.

It ſhewes you beare an honourable mind.

Gonorill.

It ſhewes thy underſtanding to be blind,
And that thou hadſt need of an interpreter:
[*Speakes to herſelfe.*
Well, I will know thy meſſage ere't be long,
And find a meane to croſſe it, if I can.

Cornwall.

Come in, my friend, and frolick in our court,
Till certaine notice of my father come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir *and* Perillus.

Perillus.

My lord, you are up to day before your houre,
'Tis newes to you to be abroad ſo rathe.

Leir.

'Tis newes indeed, I am ſo extreme heavy,
That I can ſcarcely keepe my eye-lids open.

Perillus.

And ſo am I, but I impute the cauſe
To riſing ſooner then we uſe to do.

Leir.

Hither my daughter meanes to come diſguis'd:
Ile ſit me downe, and read until ſhe come.

[*Pulls out a booke, and ſits downe.*

Perillus.

Sheele not be long, I warrant you, my lord:
But ſay, a couple of theſe they call good fellowes
Should ſtep out of a hedge, and ſet upon us,
We were in good caſe for to anſwere them.

Leir.

'Twere not for us to ſtand upon our hands.

Perillus.

I feare, we ſcant ſhould ſtand upon our legs.
But how ſhould we do to defend ourſelves?

Leir.

Even pray to God, to bleſſe us from their hands:
For fervent prayer much ill hap withſtands.

Perillus.

Ile ſit and pray with you for company;
Yet was I ne're ſo heavy in my life. [*They fall both aſleepe.*

Enter the Meſſenger, or murtherer, with two daggers in his hands.

Meſſenger.

Were it not a mad jeſt, if two or three of my profeſſion ſhould meet me, and lay me downe in a ditch, and play robbe thiefe with me, and perforce take my gold away from me, whileſt I act this ſtratagem, and by this meanes the gray beards ſhould eſcape? Faith, when I were at liberty againe, I would

make no more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang myſelfe. [*Sees them, and ſtarts.*
But ſtay, me thinks, my youthes are here already,
And with pure zeale have prayed themſelves aſleepe.
I thinke, they know to what intent they came,
And are provided for another world.
[*He takes their bookes away.*
Now could I ſtab them bravely, while they ſleepe,
And in a maner put them to no paine;
And doing ſo, I ſhewed them mighty friendſhip:
For feare of death is worſe then death itſelfe.
But that my ſweet queene will'd me for to ſhew
This letter to them, ere I did the deed.
Maſſe, they begin to ſtirre: Ile ſtand aſide;
So ſhall I come upon them unawares. [*They wake and riſe.*

Leir.

I marvel, that my daughter ſtays ſo long.

Perillus.

I feare, we did miſtake the place, my lord.

Leir.

God graunt we do not miſcarry in the place:
I had a ſhort nap, but ſo full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

Perillus.

Feare not, my lord, dreames are but fantaſies,
And ſlight imaginations of the braine.

Meſſenger.

Perſwade him ſo, but Ile make him and you
Confeſſe, that dreames do often prove too true.

Perillus.

I pray, my lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go neere to geſſe what it pretends.

Meſſenger.

Leave that to me, I will expound the dreame.

Leir.

Me thought, my daughters, *Gonorill* and *Rägan*,
Stood both before me with ſuch grim aſpects,
Eche brandiſhing a faulchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a lymme off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poinyard,

Wherewith

Wherewith they ſtabb'd me in a hundred places,
And to their thinking left me there for dead:
But then my youngeſt daughter, fair *Cordella*,
Came with a boxe of balſome in her hand,
And powred it into my bleeding wounds;
By whoſe good means I was recovred well,
In perfit health, as earſt I was before:
And with the feare of this I did awake,
And yet for feare my feeble joints do quake.

Meſſenger.

Ile make you quake for ſomething preſently.
Stand, ſtand. [*They reele.*

Leir.

We do, my friend, although with much adoe.

Meſſenger.

Deliver, deliver.

Perillus.

Deliver us, good Lord, from ſuch as he.

Meſſenger.

You ſhould have prayed before, while it was time,
And then perhaps, you might have ſcapt my hands:
But you, like faithful watch-men, fell aſleepe,
The whilſt I came and tooke your halberds from you.
[*Shews their bookes.*
And now you want your weapons of defence,
How have you any hope to be delivered?
This comes, becauſe you have no better ſtay,
But fall aſleepe, when you ſhould watch and pray.

Leir.

My friend, thou ſeemſt to be a proper man.

Meſſenger.

'Sblood, how the old ſlave clawes me by the elbow?
He thinks, belike, to ſcape by ſcraping thus.

Perillus.

And it may be, are in ſome need of money.

Meſſenger.

That to be falſe, behold my evidence. [*Shewes his purſes.*

Leir.

If that I have will do thee any good,
I give it thee, even with a right good will. [*Takes it.*

Perillus.

Here, take mine too, and wiſh with all my heart,
To do thee pleaſure, it were twice as much.
[*Takes his, and weighs them both in his hands.*

Meſſenger.

Ile none of them, they are too light for me.
[*Puts them in his pocket.*

Leir.

Why then farewell: and if thou have occaſion
In any thing, to uſe me to the queene,
'Tis like ynough that I can pleaſure thee. [*They proffer to goe.*

Meſſenger.

Do you heare, do you heare, ſir?
If I had occaſion to uſe you to the queene,
Would you do one thing for me I ſhould aſke?

Leir.

I, any thing that lies within my power.
Here is my hand upon it, ſo farewel. [*Proffer to goe.*

Meſſenger.

Heare you, ſir, heare you? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honeſt ancient man
Should not diſſemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I ſhall come to try this geare,
You will recant from all that you have ſaid.

Perillus.

Miſtruſt not him, but try him when thou wilt:
He is her father, therefore may do much.

Meſſenger.

I know he is, and therefore meane to try him:
You are his friend too, I muſt try you both.

Ambo.

Prithy do, prithy do. [*Proffer to go out.*

Meſſenger.

Stay grey-beards then, and prove men of your words:
The queene hath tied me by a ſolemne othe,
Here in this place to ſee you both diſpatcht:
Now for the ſafegard of my conſcience,
Do me the pleaſure for to kill yourſelves:
So ſhall you ſave me labour for to do it,
And prove yourſelves true old men of your words.

And here I vow in ſight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilſt I live againe.

Leir.

Affright us not with terrour, good my friend,
Nor ſtrike ſuch feare into our aged hearts.
Play not the cat, which dallieth with the mouſe;
And on a ſudden maketh her a prey:
But if thou art markt for the man of death
To me and to my *Damion*, tell me plaine,
That we may be prepared for the ſtroke,
And make ourſelves fit for the world to come.

Meſſenger.

I am the laſt of any mortal race,
That ere your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither ſent of purpoſe to this place,
To give a final period to your dayes,
Which are ſo wicked, and have lived ſo long,
That your owne children ſeeke to ſhort your life.

Leir.

Camſt thou from *France*, of purpoſe to do this?

Meſſenger.

From *France?* zoones, do I looke like a *Frenchman?* Sure I have not mine owne face on; ſome body hath chang'd faces with me, and I know not of it: but I am ſure, my apparel is all *Engliſh*. Sirrah, what meaneſt thou to aſke that queſtion? I could ſpoile the faſhion of this face for anger. A *French* face!

Leir.

Becauſe my daughter, whom I have offended,
And at whoſe hands I have deſerv'd as ill,
As ever any father did of child,
Is queene of *Fraunce*, no thanks at all to me,
But unto God, who my injuſtice ſee.
If it be ſo, that ſhee doth ſeeke revenge,
As with good reaſon ſhe may juſtly do,
I will moſt willingly reſigne my life,
A ſacrifice to mittigate her ire:
I never will intreat thee to forgive,
Becauſe I am unworthy for to live.

Therefore ſpeake ſoone, and I will ſoone make ſpeed;
Whether *Cordella* will'd thee do this deed?

Meſſenger.

As I am a perfit gentleman, thou ſpeakſt *French* to me:
I never heard *Cordellaë's* name before,
Nor never was in *Fraunce* in all my life:
I never knew thou hadſt a daughter there,
To whom thou didſt prove ſo unkind a churle:
But thy owne toung declares that thou haſt bin
A vile old wretch, and full of heinous ſin.

Leir.

Ah, no, my friend, thou art deceived much:
For her except, whom I confeſſe I wrongd,
Through doting frenzy, and o're-jelous love,
There lives not any under heavens bright eye,
That can convict me of impiety:
And therefore ſure thou doſt miſtake the marke:
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Meſſenger.

You are the fitter for the King of heaven:
And therefore, for to rid thee of ſuſpence,
Know thou, the queenes of *Cambria* and *Cornwall*,
Thy owne two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Appointed me to maſſacre thee here.
Why wouldſt thou then perſwade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world? but now
When thy owne iſſue hold thee in ſuch hate,
That they have hired me t'abbridge thy fate,
Oh, fy upon ſuch vile diſſembling breath,
That would deceive, even at the point of death.

Perillus.

Am I awake, or is it but a dreame?

Meſſenger.

Feare nothing, man, thou art but in a dreame,
And thou ſhalt never wake until doomeſday;
By then, I hope, thou wilt have ſlept ynough.

Leir.

Yet, gentle friend, graunt one thing ere I die.

Meſſenger.

Ile graunt you any thing, except your lives.

Leir.

Leir.

Oh, but assure me by some certaine token,
That my two daughters hired thee to this deed:
If I were once resolv'd of that, then I
Would wish no longer life, but crave to die.

Messenger.

That to be true, in sight of heaven I sweare.

Leir.

Sweare not by heaven, for feare of punishment:
The heavens are guiltlesse of such hainous acts.

Messenger.

I sweare by earth, the mother of us all.

Leir.

Sweare not by earth: for she abhors to beare
Such bastards, as are murtherers of her sonnes.

Messenger.

Why then, by hell, and all the devils I sweare.

Leir.

Sweare not by hell; for that stands gaping wide,
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Messenger.

I would that word were in his belly againe,
It hath frighted me even to the very heart;
This old man is some strong magician:
His words have turnd my mind from this exploit.
Then neither heaven, earth, nor hell, be witnesse;
But let this paper witnesse for them all.

[*Shewes* Gonorill's *letter.*

Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute?
Shall I resolve, or were I best recant?
I will not crack my credit with two queenes,
To whom I have already past my word.
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,
I get heaven's hate, earth's scorne, and paines of hell.

[*They blesse themselves.*

Perillus.

Oh just *Jehova*, whose almighty power
Doth governe all things in this spacious world,

How canſt thou ſuffer ſuch outrageous acts
To be committed without juſt revenge?
O viperous generation and accurſt,
To ſeeke his blood, whoſe blood did make them firſt!

Leir.

Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let us ſubmit us to the will of God:
Things paſt all ſence, let us not ſeeke to know;
It is God's will, and therefore muſt be ſo.
My friend, I am prepared for the ſtroke:
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgive thee here,
Even from the very bottome of my heart.

Meſſenger.

But I am not prepared for to ſtrike.

Leir.

Farewel, *Perillus*, even the trueſt friend,
That ever lived in adverſity:
The lateſt kindneſſe Ile requeſt of thee,
Is that thou go unto my daughter *Cordella*,
And carry her her father's lateſt bleſſing:
Withal deſire her, that ſhe will forgive me;
For I have wrong'd her without any cauſe.
Now, Lord, receive me, for I come to thee,
And die, I hope, in perfit charity.
Diſpatch, I pray thee, I have lived too long.

Meſſenger.

I, but you are unwiſe, to ſend an errand
By him that never meaneth to deliver it:
Why, he muſt go along with you to heaven:
It were not good you ſhould go all alone.

Leir.

No doubt, he ſhal, when by the courſe of nature,
He muſt ſurrender up his due to death:
But that time ſhall not come till God permit.

Meſſenger.

Nay, preſently, to beare you company.
I have a paſport for him in my pocket,
Already ſeal'd, and he muſt needs ride poſte.

[*Shews a bagge of money.*

Leir.

Leir.

The letter which I read, imports not ſo,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

Meſſenger.

I, but the queene commaunds it muſt be ſo,
And I am paid for him, as well as you.

Perillus.

I, who have borne you company in life,
Moſt willingly will beare a ſhare in death.
It ſkilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred ſuch as thou and I.

Meſſenger.

Mary, but it doth, ſir, by your leave; your good dayes are paſt: though it bee no matter for you, 'tis a matter for me, proper men are not ſo rife.

Perillus.

Oh, but beware, how thou doſt lay thy hand
Upon the high anointed of the Lord:
O, be adviſed ere thou doſt begin:
Diſpatch me ſtraight, but meddle not with him,

Leir.

Friend, thy commiſſion is to deale with me,
And I am he that hath deſerved all:
The plot was laid to take away my life:
And here it is, I do intreat thee take it:
Yet for my ſake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came:
I brought him forth, whereas he had not bin,
But for good will to beare me company.
He left his friends, his country, and his goods,
And came with me in moſt extremity.
Oh, if he ſhould miſcarry here and die,
Who is the cauſe of it, but only I?

Meſſenger.

Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

Leir.

O no, 'tis I. O, had I now to give thee
The monarchy of all the ſpacious world
To ſave his life, I would beſtow it on thee:

But I have nothing but theſe teares and prayers,
And the ſubmiſſion of a bended knee. [*Kneels.*
O, if all this to mercy move thy mind,
Spare him, in heaven thou ſhalt like mercy find.

Meſſenger.

I am as hard to be moved as another, and yet me thinks the ſtrength of their perſwaſions ſtirres me a little.

Perillus.

My friend, if feare of the almighty power
Have power to move thee, we have ſaid ynough:
But if thy mind be moveable with gold,
We have not preſently to give it thee:
Yet to thyſelfe thou mayſt do greater good,
To keepe thy hands ſtill undefilde from blood:
For do but well conſider with thyſelfe,
When thou haſt finiſht this outrageous act,
What horrour ſtill will haunt thee for the deed:
Think this againe, that they which would incenſe
Thee for to be the butcher of their father,
When it is done, for feare it ſhould be knowne,
Would make a meanes to rid thee from the world:
Oh, then art thou for ever tied in chaines
Of everlaſting torments to indure,
Even in the hoteſt hole of griſly hell,
Such paines, as never mortal toung can tell.

[*It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the dagger next to* Perillus.

Leir.

O, heavens be thanked, he will ſpare my friend.
Now, when thou wilt, come make an end of me.

[*He lets fall the other dagger.*

Perillus.

Oh, happy ſight! he meanes to ſave my lord.
The king of heaven continue this good mind.

Leir.

Why ſtayſt thou to do execution?

Meſſenger.

I am as wilful as you for your life:
I will not do it, now you do intreat me.

Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, now I ſee thou haſt ſome ſparke of grace.

Meſſenger.

Beſhrew you for it, you have put it in me:
The parloſeſt old men, that ere I heard.
Well, to be flat, Ile not meddle with you:
Here I found you, and here Ile leave you:
If any aſke you why the caſe ſo ſtand?
Say that your toungs were better then your hands.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Perillus.

Farewel. If ever we together meet,
It ſhall go hard, but I will thee regreet.
Courage, my lord, the worſt is overpaſt;
Let us give thanks to God, and hie us hence.

Leir.

Thou art deceived; for I am paſt the beſt,
And know not whither for to go from hence:
Death had bin better welcome unto me,
Then longer life to adde more miſery.

Perillus.

It were not good to returne from whence we came,
Unto your daughter *Ragan* back againe.
Now let us go to *France*, unto *Cordella*,
Your youngeſt daughter, doubtleſſe ſhe will ſuccour you.

Leir.

Oh, how can I perſwade myſelfe of that,
Since the other two are quite devoy'd of love;
To whom I was ſo kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them love me, if 'twere nothing elſe?

Perillus.

No worldly gifts, but grace from God on hie,
Doth nouriſh vertue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* ſpake,
What time you aſkt her, how ſhe lov'd your grace.
She ſaid, her love unto you was as much,
As ought a child to beare unto her father.

Leir.

But ſhe did find, my love was not to her,
As ſhould a father beare unto a child.

Perillus.

That makes not her love to be any leſſe,
If ſhe do love you as a child ſhould do:
You have tried two, try one more for my ſake,
Ile ne're intreat you further trial make.
Remember well the dreame you had of late,
And thinke what comfort it foretels to us.

Leir.

Come, trueſt friend, that ever man poſſeſt,
I know thou counſailſt all things for the beſt:
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my deſert. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian *Ambaſſador ſolus.*

Ambaſſador.

There is of late newes come unto the court,
That old lord *Leir* remaines in *Cambria:*
Ile hie me thither preſently, to impart
My letters and my meſſage unto him.
I never was leſſe welcome to a place
In all my life-time, then I have bin hither,
Eſpecially unto the ſtately queene,
Who would not caſt one gracious looke on me,
But ſtill with lowring and ſuſpicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word I ſpake,
And faine ſhe would have undermined me,
To know what my ambaſſage did import.
But ſhe is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) ſheele hav't in all things elſe.
Well, I will poſte away for *Cambria:*
Within theſe few dayes I hope to be there. [*Exit.*

Enter the king and queene of Gallia, *and* Mumford.

King.

By this, our father underſtands our mind,
And our kind greetings ſent to him of late:

Therefore

Therefore my mind preſageth ere't be long,
We ſhall receive from *Brittayne* happy newes.

Cordella.

I feare my ſiſter will diſſwade his mind;
For ſhe to me hath alwayes bin unkind.

King.

Feare not, my love, ſince that we know the worſt,
The laſt meanes helpes, if that we miſſe the firſt:
If hee'le not come to *Gallia* unto us,
Then we will ſaile to *Brittayne* unto him.

Mumford.

Well, if I once ſee *Brittayne* againe,
I have ſworne, Ile ne're come home without my wench,
And Ile not be forſworne,
Ile rather never come home while I live.

Cordella.

Are you ſure, *Mumford*, ſhe is a maid ſtill?

Mumford.

Nay, Ile not ſweare ſhe is a maid, but ſhe goes for one:
Ile take her at all adventures, if I can get her.

Cordella.

I, that's well put in.

Mumford.

Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Bin as well put in, as ere I put in, in my dayes,
I would have made her follow me to *Fraunce*.

Cordella.

Nay, you'd have bin ſo kind, as take her with you,
Or elſe, were I as ſhe,
I would have bin ſo loving, as Ide ſtay behind you:
Yet I muſt confeſſe, you are a very proper man,
And able to make a wench do more then ſhe would do.

Mumford.

Well, I have a payre of ſlops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mocks.

King.

Nay, we ſee you have a hanſome hoſe.

Cordella.

I, and of the neweſt faſhion.

Mumford.

Mumford.

More bobs, more: put them in ſtill,
They'l ſerve inſtead of bumbaſt, yet put not in too many, leſt the ſeames crack, and they fly out amongſt you againe: you muſt not think to outface me ſo eaſly in my miſtris quarrel, who if I ſee once againe, ten teame of horſes ſhall not draw me away, till I have full and whole poſſeſſion.

King.

I, but one teame and a cart will ſerve the turne.

Cordella.

Not only for him, but alſo for his wench.

Mumford.

Well, you are two to one, Ile give you over:
And ſince I ſee you ſo pleaſantly diſpoſed,
Which indeed is but ſeldome ſeene, Ile claime
A promiſe of you, which you ſhall not deny me:
For promiſe is debt, and by this hand you promiſd it me.
Therefore you owe it me, and you ſhall pay it me,
Or Ile ſue you upon an action of unkindneſſe.

King.

Prithy, lord *Mumford*, what promiſe did I make thee?

Mumford.

Faith, nothing but this,
That the next faire weather, which is very now,
You would go in progreſſe downe to the ſea ſide,
Which is very neere.

King.

Faith, in this motion I will join with thee,
And be a mediator to my queene.
Prithy, my love, let this match go forward,
My mind foretels, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

Cordella.

Entreaty needs not, where you may commaund,
So you be pleaſde, I am right well content:
Yet, as the ſea I much deſire to ſee;
So am I moſt unwilling to be ſeene.

King.

Weele go diſguiſed, all unknowne to any.

Cordella.

Howſoever you make one, Ile make another.

Mumford.

Mumford.

And I the third: oh, I am over-joyed!
See what love is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world beſides could ne're obtaine:
But what diſguiſes ſhall we have, my lord?

King.

Faith thus: my queene and I will be diſguiſde,
Like a plaine country couple, and you ſhall be *Roger*
Our man, and wait upon us: or if you will,
You ſhall go firſt, and we will wait on you.

Mumford.

'Twere more then time; this device is excellent:
Come let us about it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cambria *and* Ragan, *with nobles.*

Cambria.

What ſtrange miſchance or unexpected hap
Hath thus depriv'd us of our father's preſence?
Can no man tell us what's become of him,
With whom we did converſe not two dayes ſince?
My lords, let every where light horſe be ſent,
To ſcoure about through all our regiment.
Diſpatch a poſte immediately to *Cornwall*,
To ſee if any newes be of him there;
Myſelfe will make a ſtrict inquiry here,
And all about our cities neere at hand,
Till certaine newes of his abode be brought.

Ragan.

All ſorrow is but counterfet to mine,
Whoſe lips are almoſt ſealed up with griefe:
Mine is the ſubſtance, whilſt they do but ſeeme
To weepe the leſſe, which teares cannot redeeme.
O, ne're was heard ſo ſtrange a miſadventure,
A thing ſo far beyond the reach of ſence,
Since no man's reaſon in the cauſe can enter.
What hath remov'd my father thus from hence?
O, I do feare ſome charme or invocation
Of wicked ſpirits, or infernal fiends,
Stird by *Cordella*, moves this innovation,
And brings my father timeleſſe to his end.

But

But might I know, that the deteſted witch
Were certain cauſe of this uncertaine ill,
Myſelfe to *Fraunce* would go in ſome diſguiſe,
And with theſe nailes ſcratch out her hateful eyes:
For ſince I am deprived of my father,
I loath my life, and wiſh my death the rather.

Cambria.

The heavens are juſt, and hate impiety,
And will (no doubt) reveale ſuch hainous crimes:
Cenſure not any, till you know the right:
Let him be judge, that bringeth truth to light.

Ragan.

O, but my griefe, like to a ſwelling tide,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:
Nor can I moderate my toung ſo much,
To conceale them, whom I hold in ſuſpect.

Cambria.

This matter ſhall be ſifted: if it be ſhe,
A thouſand *Fraunces* ſhall not harbour her.

Enter the Gallian *Ambaſſador.*

Ambaſſador.

All happineſſe unto the *Cambrian* king.

Cambria.

Welcom, my friend, from whence is thy ambaſſage?

Ambaſſador.

I came from *Gallia*, unto *Cornwall* ſent,
With letters to your honourable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repaire.

Ragan.

Frenchman, what is thy meſſage to my father?

Ambaſſador.

My letters, madam, will import the ſame,
Which my commiſſion is for to deliver.

Ragan.

In his abſence you may truſt us with your letters.

Ambaſſador.

I muſt performe my charge in ſuch a manner,
As I have ſtrict commaundment from the king.

Ragan.

Ragan.

There is good packing twixt your king and you;
You need not hither come to aſke for him,
You know where he is better then ourſelves

Ambaſſador.

Madam, I hope, not far off.

Ragan.

Hath the young murdreſſe, your outragious queene,
No meanes to colour her deteſted deeds,
In finiſhing my guiltleſſe fathers dayes,
(Becauſe he gave her nothing to her dowre)
But by the colour of a fain'd ambaſſage,
To ſend him letters hither to our court?
Go carry them to them that ſent them hither,
And bid them keepe their ſcroules unto themſelves:
They cannot blind us with ſuch ſlight excuſe,
To ſmother up ſo monſtrous vild abuſe.
And were it not, it is 'gainſt law of armes,
To offer violence to a meſſenger,
We would inflict ſuch torments on thyſelfe,
As ſhould inforce thee to reveale the truth.

Ambaſſador.

Madam, your threats no whit apall my mind,
I know my conſcience guiltleſſe of this act;
My king and queene, I dare be ſworne, are free
From any thought of ſuch impiety:
And therefore, madam, you have done them wrong,
And ill beſeeming with a ſiſters love,
Who in meere duty tender him as much,
As ever you reſpected him for dowre.
The king your huſband will not ſay as much.

Cambria.

I will ſuſpend my judgement for a time,
Till more appearance give us further light:
Yet to be plaine, your comming doth inforce
A great ſuſpicion to our doubtful mind,
And that you do reſemble, to be briefe,
Him that firſt robs, and then cries, ſtop the theefe.

Ambaſſador.

Pray God ſome neere you have not done the like.

Ragan.

Hence, ſaucy mate, reply no more to us; [*She ſtrikes him.*
For law of armes ſhall not protect thy toung.

Ambaſſador.

Ne're was I offred ſuch diſcourteſy;
God and my king, I truſt, ere it be long,
Will find a meane to remedy this wrong. [*Exit Ambaſſador.*

Ragan.

How ſhall I live, to ſuffer this diſgrace,
At every baſe and vulgar peaſants hands?
It ill befitteth my imperial ſtate,
To be thus uſde, and no man take my part. [*She weeps.*

Cambria.

What ſhould I do? infringe the law of armes,
Were to my everlaſting obloquy:
But I will take revenge upon his maſter,
Which ſent him hither, to delude us thus.

Ragan.

Nay, if you put up this, be ſure, ere long,
Now that my father thus is made away;
Sheele come and claime a third part of your crowne,
As due unto her by inheritance.

Cambria.

But I will prove her title to be nought
But ſhame, and the reward of parricide;
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am *Cambriaes* king,
Or loſe my life, to proſecute revenge.
Come, firſt let's learne what newes is of our father,
And then proceed, as beſt occaſion fits. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir, Perillus, *and two mariners in ſea-gownes and ſea-caps.*

Perillus.

My honeſt friends, we are aſham'd to ſhew
The great extremity of our preſent ſtate.
In that at this time we are brought ſo low,
That we want money for to pay our paſſage.

The

The truth is ſo, we met with ſome good fellowes,
A little before we came aboord your ſhip,
Which ſtript us quite of all the coine we had,
And left us not a penny in our purſes:
Yet wanting mony, we will uſe the meane,
To ſee you ſatisfied to the uttermoſt. [*Lookes on* Leir.

Firſt Mariner.

Here's a good gown; 'twould becomme me paſſing wel,
I ſhould be fine in it. [*Lookes on* Perillus.

Second Mariner.

Here's a good cloke, I marvel how I ſhould look in it.

Leir.

Faith, had we others to ſupply their roome,
Though ne're ſo meane, you willingly ſhould have them.

Firſt Mariner.

Do you heare, ſir? you looke like an honeſt man;
Ile not ſtand to do you a pleaſure: here's a good ſtrong motly gaberdine, coſt me xiiij. good ſhillings at *Billinſgate*, give me your gowne for it, and your cap for mine, and Ile forgive your paſſage.

Leir.

With al my heart, and xx. thanks. [Leir *and he changeth.*

Second Mariner.

Do you heare, ſir? you ſhall have a better match then he, becauſe you are my friend: here is a good ſheep's ruſſet ſea-gowne, will bide more ſtreſſe, I warrant you, then two of his; yes, for you ſeem to be an honeſt gentleman, I am content to change it for your cloke, and aſke you nothing for your paſſage more. [*Pulls off* Perillus's *cloke.*

Perillus.

My owne I willingly would change with thee,
And think myſelfe indebted to thy kindneſſe:
But would my friend might keepe his garment ſtill.
My friend, Ile give thee this new dublet, if thou wilt
Reſtore his gowne unto him back againe.

Firſt Mariner.

Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eate powderd beefe and muſtard more, nor drink can of good liquor whilſt I live. My friend, you have ſmall reaſon to ſeeke to hinder me of my bargaine: but the beſt is, a bargaine's a bargaine.

Leir.

Kind friend, it is much better as it is. [Leir *to* Perillus.
For by this meanes we may eſcape unknowne,
Till time and opportunity do fit.

Second Mariner.

Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,
Theile repent them of their bargaine anon,
'Twere beſt for us to go while we are well.

Firſt Mariner.

God be with you, ſir, for your paſſage back againe,
Ile uſe you as unreaſonable as another.

Leir.

I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money
With us, when we come back againe. [*Exeunt mariners.*
Were ever men in this extremity,
In a ſtrange country, and devoyed of friends,
And not a penny for to helpe ourſelves?
Kind friend, what thinkſt thou will become of us?

Perillus.

Be of good cheere, my lord, I have a dublet
Will yeeld us mony ynough to ſerve our turnes,
Until we come unto your daughter's court:
And then, I hope, we ſhall find friends ynough.

Leir.

Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I feare,
And makes me faint, or ever I come there.
Can kindneſſe ſpring out of ingratitude?
Or love be reapt, where hatred hath bin ſowne?
Can henbane joine in league with Methridate?
Or ſugar grow in wormwoods bitter ſtalke?
It cannot be, they are too oppoſite:
And ſo am I to any kindneſſe here.
I have throwne wormwood on the ſugred youth,
And like to henbane poiſoned the fount,
Whence flowed the Methridate of a childs good wil.
I, like an envious thorne, have prickt the heart,
And turnd ſweet grapes, to ſowre unreliſht ſloes:
The cauſeleſſe ire of my reſpectleſſe breſt,
Hath ſowrd the ſweet milk of dame natures paps:

My

My bitter words have gauld her hony thoughts,
And weeds of rancour chokt the flower of grace.
Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite aſlope?

Perillus.

Feare not, my lord, the perfit good indeed
Can never be corrupted by the bad:
A new freſh veſſel ſtill retaines the taſte
Of that which firſt is powr'd into the ſame:
And therfore, though you name yourſelfe the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane, and the wormewood;
Yet ſheele continue in her former ſtate,
The hony, milke, grape, ſugar, Methridate.

Leir.

Thou pleaſing orator unto me in wo,
Ceaſe to beguile me with thy hopeful ſpeaches:
O joine with me, and thinke of nought but croſſes,
And then weele one lament anothers loſſes.

Perillus.

Why, ſay the worſt, the worſt can be but death,
And death is better then for to deſpaire:
Then hazzard death, which may convert to life;
Baniſh deſpaire, which brings a thouſand deathes.

Leir.

Orecome with thy ſtrong arguments, I yeeld
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:
As thou yeeldſt comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would I could yeeld the like unto thy body,
Which is full weake, I know, and ill apaid,
For want of freſh meat and due ſuſtenance.

Perillus.

Alack, my lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you ſhould be in ſuch extremity.

Leir.

Come, let us go, and ſee what God will ſend;
When all meanes faile, he is the ſureſt friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian *king and qucene, and* Mumford *with a baſket, diſguiſed like countrey folke.*

King.

This tedious journey all on foot, ſweet love,
Cannot be pleaſing to your tender joints,
Which ne're were uſed to theſe toileſome walks.

Cordella.

I never in my life tooke more delight
In any journey, then I do in this:
It did me good, when as we hapt to light
Amongſt the merry crue of country folke,
To ſee what induſtry and paines they tooke,
To win them commendations 'mongſt their friends.
Lord, how they labour to beſtir themſelves,
And in their quirks to go beyond the moone,
And ſo take on them with ſuch antike fits,
That one would think they were beſide their wits!
Come away, *Roger*, with your baſket.

Mumford.

Soft, dame, here comes a couple of old youthes,
I muſt needs make myſelfe fat with jeſting at them.

Enter Leir *and* Perillus *very faintly.*

Cordella.

Nay, prithy do not, they do ſeeme to be
Men much o'regone with griefe and miſery.
Let's ſtand aſide, and harken what they ſay.

Leir.

Ah, my *Perillus*, now I ſee we both
Shall end our dayes in this unfruitful ſoile,
Oh, I do faint for want of ſuſtenance:
And thou, I know, in little better caſe.
No gentle tree affords one taſte of fruit,
To comfort us, until we meet with men:
No lucky path conducts our luckleſſe ſteps
Unto a place where any comfort dwels.
Sweet reſt betide unto our happy ſoules;
For here I ſee our bodies muſt have end.

Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, my deare lord, how doth my heart lament,
To ſee you brought to this extremity!
O, if you love me, as you do profeſſe,
Or ever thought well of me in my life; [*He ſtrips up his arme.*
Feed on this fleſh, whoſe veines are not ſo dry,
But there is vertue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
Ile ſmile for joy, to ſee you ſuck my bloud.

Leir.

I am no Caniball, that I ſhould delight
To ſlake my hungry jawes with humane fleſh:
I am no devil, or ten times worſe then ſo,
To ſuck the bloud of ſuch a peereleſſe friend.
O, do not think that I reſpect my life
So dearely, as I do thy loyal love.
Ah, *Brittayne*, I ſhall never ſee thee more,
That haſt unkindly baniſhed thy king:
And yet not thou doſt make me to complaine,
But they which were more neere to me then thou.

Cordella.

What do I heare? this lamentable voice,
Me thinks, ere now I oftentimes have heard.

Leir.

Ah, *Gonorill*, was halfe my kingdome's gift
The cauſe that thou didſt ſeeke to have my life?
Ah, cruel *Ragan*, did I give thee all,
And all could not ſuffice without my bloud?
Ah, poore *Cordella*, did I give thee nought,
Nor never ſhall be able for to give?
O, let me warne all ages that inſueth,
How they truſt flattery, and reject the trueth.
Well, unkind girles, I here forgive you both,
Yet the juſt heavens will hardly do the like;
And onely crave forgiveneſſe at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend;
Of God, whoſe majeſty I have offended,
By my tranſgreſſion many thouſand wayes:
Of her, deare heart, whom I for no occaſion
Turn'd out of all, through flatterers perſwaſion:

Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadſt never come unto this place of wo.

Cordella.

Alack, that ever I ſhould live to ſee
My noble father in this miſery.

King,

Sweet love, reveale not what thou art as yet,
Until we know the ground of all this ill.

Cordella.

O, but ſome meat, ſome meat: do you not ſee,
How neere they are to death for want of food?

Perillus.

Lord, which didſt help thy ſervants at their need,
Or now or never ſend us helpe with ſpeed.
Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my lord: be of good cheare;
For I ſee comfort comming very neere.
O my lord, a banquet, and men and women!

Leir.

O, let kiud pity mollify their hearts,
That they may helpe us in our great extreames.

Perillus.

God ſave you, friends; and if this bleſſed banquet
Affordeth any food or ſuſtenance,
Even for his ſake that ſaved us all from death,
Vouchſafe to ſave us from the gripe of famine.

[*She bringeth him to the table.*

Cordella.

Here, father, ſit and eat; here ſit and drink:
And would it were far better for your ſakes!

[Perillus *takes* Leir *by the hand to the table.*

Perillus.

Ile give you thanks anon: my friend doth faint,
And needeth preſent comfort. [Leir *drinkes.*

Mumford.

I warrant, he ne're ſtayes to ſay a grace:
O, there's no ſauce to a good ſtomake.

Perillus.

The bleſſed God of heaven hath thought upon us.

Leir,

Leir.

The thanks be his, and theſe kind courteous folke,
By whoſe humanity we are preſerved.

[*They eat hungerly*; Leir *drinkes.*

Cordella.

And may that draught be unto him, as was
That which old *Eſon* dranke, which did renue
His withered age, and made him young againe.
And may that meat be unto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in ſtrength whereof
He walked fourty dayes, and never fainted.
Shall I conceale me longer from my father?
Or ſhall I manifeſt myſelfe to him?

King.

Forbeare a while, until his ſtrength returne,
Leſt being over-joyed with ſeeing thee,
His poore weake ſences ſhould forſake their office,
And ſo our cauſe of joy be turn'd to ſorrow.

Perillus.

What chere, my lord? how do you feele yourſelfe?

Leir.

Me thinks, I never ate ſuch ſavory meat:
It is as pleaſant as the bleſſed manna,
That rain'd from heaven amongſt the *Iſraelites*:
It hath recall'd my ſpirits home againe,
And made me freſh, as earſt I was before.
But how ſhall we congratulate their kindneſſe?

Perillus.

Infaith, I know not how ſufficiently;
But the beſt meane that I can think on, is this:
Ile offer them my dublet in requital;
For we have nothing elſe to ſpare.

Leir.

Nay, ſtay, *Perillus*, for they ſhall have mine.

Perillus.

Pardon, my lord, I ſweare they ſhall have mine.

[Perillus *proffers his dublet: they will not take it.*

Leir.

Ah, who would think ſuch kindnes ſhould remaine
Among ſuch ſtrange and unacquainted men:

And

And that ſuch hate ſhould harbour in the breſt
Of thoſe, which have occaſion to be beſt?

Cordella.

Ah, good old father, tell to me thy griefe,
Ile ſorrow with thee, if not adde reliefe.

Leir.

Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee ſo;
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

Cordella.

Do you not owe her ſtill? what, is ſhe dead?

Leir.

No, God forbid: but all my intereſt's gone,
By ſhewing my ſelfe too much unnatural:
So have I loſt the title of a father,
And may be call'd a ſtranger to her rather.

Cordella.

Your title's good ſtill: for tis alwayes knowne,
A man may do as him liſt with his owne.
But have you but one daughter then in all?

Leir.

Yes, I have more by two, then would I had.

Cordella.

O, ſay not ſo, but rather ſee the end;
They that are bad, may have the grace to mend:
But how have they offended you ſo much?

Leir.

If from the firſt I ſhould relate the cauſe,
'Twould make a heart of adamant to weepe;
And thou, poore ſoule, kind-hearted as thou art,
Doſt weepe already, ere I do begin.

Cordella.

For Gods love tell it; and when you have done,
Ile tell the reaſon why I weepe ſo ſoone.

Leir.

Then know this firſt, I am a *Brittaine* borne,
And had three daughters by one loving wife:
And though I ſay it, of beauty they were ſped;
Eſpecially the youngeſt of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be:
On theſe I doted with a jelous love,

And thought to try which of them lov'd me beſt,
By aſking them, which would do moſt for me?
The firſt and ſecond flattred me with words,
And vowd they lov'd me better then their lives:
The youngeſt ſaid, ſhe loved me as a child
Might do: her anſwere I eſteem'd moſt vild,
And preſently in an outragious mood,
I turnd her from me to go ſinke or ſwim:
And all I had, even to the very clothes,
I gave in dowry with the other two:
And ſhe that beſt deſerv'd the greateſt ſhare,
I gave her nothing, but diſgrace and care.
Now mark the ſequel: when I had done thus,
I ſojournd in my eldeſt daughters houſe,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liv'd in ſtate ſufficing my content:
But every day her kindneſſe did grow cold,
Which I with patience put up well ynough,
And ſeemed not to ſee the things I ſaw:
But at the laſt ſhe grew ſo far incenſt
With moody fury, and with cauſleſſe hate,
That in moſt vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour ſomewhere elſe.
Then was I faine for refuge to repaire
Unto my other daughter for reliefe;
Who gave me pleaſing and moſt courteous words;
But in her actions ſhewed her ſelfe ſo ſore,
As never any daughter did before:
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the court,
Pointing that there ſhe would come talke with me:
There ſhe had ſet a ſhag haird murdring wretch,
To maſſacre my honeſt friend and me.
Then judge your ſelfe, although my tale be briefe,
If ever man had greater cauſe of griefe.

King.

Nor never like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.

Leir.

And now I am conſtraind to ſeeke reliefe
Of her, to whom I have bin ſo unkind;
Whoſe cenſure, if it do award me death,
I muſt confeſſe ſhe payes me but my due:
But if ſhe ſhew a loving daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my deſert.

Cordella.

No doubt ſhe will, I dare be ſworne ſhe will.

Leir.

How know you that, not knowing what ſhe is?

Cordella.

Myſelfe a father have a great way hence,
Uſde me as ill as ever you did her;
Yet, that his reverend age I once might ſee,
Ide creepe along, to meet him on my knee.

Leir.

O, no mens children are unkind but mine.

Cordella.

Condemne not all, becauſe of others crime:
But looke, deare father, looke, behold and ſee
Thy loving daughter ſpeaketh unto thee. [*She kneeles.*

Leir.

O, ſtand thou up, it is my part to kneele,
And aſke forgiveneſſe for my former faults. [*He kneeles.*

Cordella.

O, if you wiſh I ſhould injoy my breath,
Deare father riſe, or I receive my death. [*He riſeth.*

Leir.

Then I will riſe, to ſatisfy your mind,
But kneele againe, til pardon be reſignd. [*He kneeles.*

Cordella.

I pardon you: the word beſeemes not me:
But I do ſay ſo, for to eaſe your knee;
You gave me life, you were the cauſe that I
Am what I am, who elſe had never bin.

Leir.

But you gave life to me and to my friend,
Whoſe dayes had elſe had an untimely end.

Cordella.

Cordella.

You brought me up, when as I was but young,
And far unable for to helpe myſelfe.

Leir.

I caſt thee forth, when as thou waſt but young,
And far unable for to helpe thyſelfe.

Cordella.

God, world, and nature, ſay I do you wrong,
That can indure to ſee you kneele ſo long.

King.

Let me breake off this loving controverſy,
Which doth rejoice my very ſoule to ſee.
Good father, riſe, ſhe is your loving daughter, [*He riſeth.*
And honours you with as reſpective duty,
As if you were the monarch of the world.

Cordella.

But I will never riſe from off my knee, [*She kneeles.*
Until I have your bleſſing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my firſt birth unto this preſent day.

Leir.

The bleſſing, which the God of *Abraham* gave
Unto the tribe of *Juda*, light on thee,
And multiply thy dayes, that thou mayſt ſee
Thy childrens children proſper after thee.
Thy faults, which are juſt none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgive below. [*She riſeth.*

Cordella.

Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leape
Within my breſt, for joy of this good hap:
And now (deare father) welcome to our court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) unto me,
Mirrour of vertue and true honeſty.

Leir.

O, he hath bin the kindeſt friend to me,
That ever man had in adverſity.

Perillus.

My toung doth faile, to ſay what heart doth think,
I am ſo raviſht with exceeding joy.

King.

All you have ſpoke: now let me ſpeak my mind,
And in few words much matter here conclude: [*He kneeles.*
If ere my heart do harbour any joy,
Or true content repoſe within my breſt,
Till I have rooted out this viperous ſect,
And repoſſeſt my father of his crowne,
Let me be counted for the perjurdſt man,
That ever ſpake word ſince the world began. [*Riſes.*

Mumford.

Let me pray to, that never pray'd before;
[Mumford *kneeles.*
If ere I reſalute the *Brittiſh* earth,
(As (ere't be long) I do preſume I ſhall)
And do returne from thence without my wench,
Let me be gelded for my recompence. [*Riſes.*

King.

Come, let's to armes for to redreſſe this wrong:
Till I am there, me thinks the time ſeemes long. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan *ſola.*

Ragan.

I feele a hell of conſcience in my breſt,
Tormenting me with horrour for my fact,
And makes me in an agony of doubt,
For feare the world ſhould find my dealing out.
The ſlave whom I appointed for the act,
I ne're ſet eye upon the peaſant ſince:
O, could I get him for to make him ſure,
My doubts would ceaſe, and I ſhould reſt ſecure.
But if the old men, with perſwaſive words,
Have ſav'd their lives, and made him to relent;
Then are they fled unto the court of *Fraunce*,
And like a trumpet manifeſt my ſhame.
A ſhame on theſe white-liverd ſlaves, ſay I,
That with faire words ſo ſoone are overcome.
O God, that I had bin but made a man;
Or that my ſtrength were equal with my will!
Theſe fooliſh men are nothing but meere pity,

And

And melt as butter doth againſt the ſun.
Why ſhould they have pre-eminence over us,
Since we are creatures of more brave reſolve?
I ſweare, I am quite out of charity
With all the heartleſſe men in *Chriſtendome*.
A poxe upon them, when they are affraid
To give a ſtab, or ſlit a paltry wind-pipe,
Which are ſo eaſy matters to be done.
Well, had I thought the ſlave would ſerve me ſo,
Myſelfe would have bin executioner:
Tis now undone, and if that it be knowne,
Ile make as good ſhift as I can for one.
He that repines at me, how ere it ſtands,
'Twere beſt for him to keepe him from my hands. [*Exit.*

Sound drums and trumpets: Enter the Gallian *king*, Leir, Mumford, *and the army.*

King.

Thus have we brought our army to the ſea,
Whereas our ſhips are ready to receive us:
The wind ſtands faire, and we in foure houres ſaile,
May eaſily arrive on *Brittiſh* ſhore,
Where unexpected we may them ſurpriſe,
And gaine a glorious victory with eaſe.
Wherefore, my loving countreymen, reſolve,
Since truth and juſtice fighteth on our ſides,
That we ſhall march with conqueſt where we go.
Myſelf will be as forward as the firſt,
And ſtep by ſtep march with the hardieſt wight:
And not the meaneſt ſouldier in our campe
Shall be in danger, but Ile ſecond him.
To you, my lord, we give the whole commaund
Of all the army, next unto ourſelfe;
Not doubting of you, but you will extend
Your wonted valour in this needful caſe,
Encouraging the reſt to do the like,
By your approved magnanimity.

Mumford.

My liege, tis needleſſe to ſpur a willing horſe,
Thats apt enough to run himſelfe to death:

For here I ſweare by that ſweet ſaints bright eye,
Which are the ſtarres, which guide me to good hap,
Either to ſee my old lord crownd anew,
Or in his cauſe to bid the world adieu.

Leir.

Thanks, good lord *Mumford*, tis more of your good will,
Then any merit or deſert in me.

Mumford.

And now to you, my worthy countreymen,
Ye valiant race of *Genoueſtan Gawles*,
Surnamed *Red-ſhanks*, for your chivalry,
Becauſe you fight up to the ſhanks in bloud;
Shew yourſelves now to be right *Gawles* indeed,
And be ſo bitter on your enemies,
That they may ſay, you are as bitter as gall.
Gall them, brave ſhot, with your artillery:
Gall them, brave halberts, with your ſharp point billes,
Each in their pointed place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of yourſelves and *Gawle*.

King.

Then what ſhould more perſwaſion need to thoſe,
That rather wiſh to deale, then heare of blowes?
Let's to our ſhips, and if that God permit,
In foure houres ſail, I hope we ſhall be there.

Mumford.

And in five houres more, I make no doubt,
But we ſhall bring our wiſh'd deſires about. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Captaine of the Watch, and two Watchmen.

Captaine.

My honeſt friends, it is your turne to night,
To watch in this place, neere about the beacon,
And vigilantly have regard,
If any fleet of ſhips paſſe hitherward:
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The beacon preſently, and raiſe the towne. [*Exit.*

Firſt Watchman.

I, I, I, feare nothing; we know our charge, I warrant: I have bin a watchman about this beacon this xxx. yere, and yet I ne're ſee it ſtir, but ſtood as quietly as might be.

Second

Second Watchman.

Faith neighbour, and you'l follow my vice, inſtead of watching the beacon, wee'l go to goodman *Gennings*, and watch a pot of ale and a raſher of bacon: and if we do not drink ourſelves drunke, then ſo; I warrant, the beacon will ſee us when we come out againe.

Firſt Watchman.

I, but how if ſome body excuſe us to the captaine?

Second Watchman.

Tis no matter, Ile prove by good reaſon that we watch the beacon: aſſe for example.

Firſt Watchman.

I hope you do not call me aſſe by craft, neighbour.

Second Watchman.

No, no, but for example: ſay here ſtands the pot of ale, thats the beacon.

Firſt Watchman.

I, I, tis a very good beacon.

Second Watchman.

Well, ſay here ſtands your noſe, thats the fire.

Firſt Watchman.

Indeed I muſt confeſſe, tis ſomewhat red.

Second Watchman.

I ſee come marching in a diſh, halfe a ſcore pieces of ſalt bacon.

Firſt Watchman.

I underſtand your meaning, thats as much to ſay, half a ſcore ſhips.

Second Watchman.

True, you conſter right; preſently, like a faithful watchman, I fire the beacon, and call up the towne.

Firſt Watchman.

I, thats as much as to ſay, you ſet your noſe to the pot, and driuk up the drink.

Second Watchman.

You are in the right; come, let's go fire the beacon.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the king of Gallia *with a ſtill march,* Mumford *and ſoldiers.*

King.

Now march our enſignes on the *Brittiſh* earth,
And we are neere approching to the towne:
Then looke about you, valiant countrymen,
And we ſhall finiſh this exploit with eaſe.
Th' inhabitants of this miſtruſtful place
Are dead aſleep, as men that are ſecure:
Here ſhall we ſkirmiſh but with naked men,
Devoid of ſence, new waked from a dreame,
That know not what our comming doth pretend,
Till they do feele our meaning on their ſkinnes:
Therefore aſſaile: God and our right for us. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, with men and women halfe naked: Enter two Captaines without dublets, with ſwords.

Firſt Captain.

Where are theſe villaines that were ſet to watch,
And fire the beacon, if occaſion ſerv'd,
That thus have ſuffred us to be ſurpriſde,
And never given notice to the towne?
We are betray'd, and quite devoid of hope,
By any meanes to fortify ourſelves.

Second Captain.

Tis ten to one the peaſants are o'recome with drinke and ſleep, and ſo neglect their charge.

Firſt Captaine.

A whirl-wind carry them quick to a whirl-poole,
That there the ſlaves may drinke their bellies full.

Second Captaine.

This tis, to have the beacon ſo neere the ale-houſe.

Enter the Watchmen drunke, with each a pot.

Firſt Captaine.

Out on ye, villaines, whither run you now?

Firſt Watchman.

To fire the towne, and call up the beacon.

Second Watchman.

No, no, ſir, to fire the beacon. [*He drinkes.*

Second.

Second Captaine.

What, with a pot of ale, you drunken rogues?

First Captain.

You'l fire the beacon, when the towne is loſt:
Ile teach you how to tend your office better.

[*Draws to ſtab them.*

Enter Mumford, *Captaines run away.*

Mumford.

Yeeld, yeeld, yeeld. [*He kicks downe their pots.*

First Watchman.

Reele? no, we do not reele:
You may lacke a pot of ale ere you die.

Mumford.

But in meane ſpace, I anſwer, you want none.
Wel, theres no dealing with you, y'are tall men, and wel weapond;
I would there were no worſe then you in the towne. [*Exit.*

Second Watchman.

A ſpeaks like an honeſt man, my cholers paſt already.
Come, neighbour, let's go.

First Watchman.

Nay, firſt let's ſee and we can ſtand. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum, excurſions,* Mumford *after them, and ſome halfe naked.*

Enter the Gallian *king*, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, *and ſouldiers, with the chiefe of the towne bound.*

King.

Feare not, my friends, you ſhall receive no hurt,
If you'l ſubſcribe unto your lawful king,
And quite revoke your fealty from *Cambria*,
And from aſpiring *Cornwall* too, whoſe wives
Have practiſde treaſon 'gainſt their fathers life.
Wee come in juſtice of your wronged king,
And do intend no harme at all to you,
So you ſubmit unto your lawful king.

Leir.

Kind countrymen, it grieves me, that perforce,
I am conſtrain'd to uſe extremities.

Nobles.

Long have you here bin lookt for, good my lord,
And wiſh'd for by a general conſent:
And had we known your highneſſe had arrived,
We had not made reſiſtance to your grace:
And now, my gracious lord, you need not doubt,
But all the country will yeeld preſently,
Which ſince your abſence have bin greatly tax'd,
For to maintaine their overſwelling pride.
Weele preſently ſend word to all our friends;
When they have notice, they will come apace.

Leir.

Thanks, loving ſubjects; and thanks, worthy ſon,
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my lord,
Who willingly adventured have your blood,
(Without deſert) to do me ſo much good.

Mumford.

O, ſay not ſo:
I have bin much beholding to your grace:
I muſt confeſſe, I have bin in ſome ſkirmiſhes,
But I was never in the like to this:
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
I was now incountred with naked women.

Cordella.

We that are feeble, and want uſe of armes,
Will pray to God, to ſheeld you from all harmes.

Leir.

The while your hands do manage ceaſeleſſe toile,
Our hearts ſhall pray, the foes may have the foile.

Perillus.

Weele faſt and pray, whilſt you for us do fight,
That victory may proſecute the right.

King.

Me thinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
And adde freſh vigor to my willing limmes: [*Drum.*
But harke, I heare the adverſe drum approach.
God and our right, ſaint *Denis*, and ſaint *George*.

Enter

Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, *and the army.*

Cornwall.

Preſumptuous king of *Gawles*, how dareſt thou
Preſume to enter on our *Brittiſh* ſhore?
And more then that, to take our townes perforce,
And draw our ſubjects hearts from their true king?
Be ſure to buy it at as deare a price,
As ere you bought preſumption in your lives.

King.

Ore-daring *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
And juſt revengement of the wronged king,
Whoſe daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
Have ſought to murder and deprive of life:
But God protected him from all their ſpight,
And we are come in juſtice of his right.

Cambria.

Nor he nor thou have any intereſt here,
But what you win and purchaſe with the ſword.
Thy ſlaunders to our noble vertuous queenes,
Wee'l in the battel thruſt them down thy throte,
Except for feare of our revenging hands,
Thou flye to ſea, as not ſecure on lands.

Mumford.

Welſhman, Ile ſo ferrit you ere night for that word,
That you ſhall have no mind to crake ſo wel this twelvemonth.

Gonorill.

They lye, that ſay, we ſought our father's death.

Ragan.

'Tis meerely forged for a colour's ſake,
To ſet a gloſſe on your invaſion.
Me thinks, an old man ready for to die,
Should be aſham'd to broache ſo foule a lie.

Cordella.

Fy, ſhameleſſe ſiſter, ſo devoyed of grace,
To call our father lier to his face.

Gonorill.

Peace (puritan) diſſembling hypocrite,
Which art ſo good, that thou wilt prove ſtark naught:

Anon,

Anon, when as I have you in my fingers,
Ile make you wiſh yourſelfe in purgatory.

Perillus.

Nay, peace thou monſter, ſhame unto thy ſexe:
Thou fiend in likeneſſe of a humane creature.

Ragan.

I never heard a fouler ſpoken man.

Leir.

Out on thee, viper, ſcum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my ſight then is a toade:
Knoweſt thou theſe letters? [*She ſnatches them and teares them.*

Ragan.

Think you to outface me with your paltry ſcrowles?
You come to drive my huſband from his right,
Under the colour of a forged letter.

Leir.

Who ever heard the like impiety?

Perillus.

You are our debtour of more patience:
We were more patient when we ſtaid for you,
Within the thicket two long houres and more.

Ragan.

What houres? what thicket?

Perillus.

There, where you ſent your ſervant with your letters,
Seal'd with your hand, to ſend us both to heaven,
Where, as I thinke, you never meane to come.

Ragan.

Alas, you are growne a child againe with age,
Or elſe your ſences dote for want of ſleepe.

Perillus.

Indeed you made us riſe betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we ſhould ſleepe where you bade us ſtay,
But never wake more till the latter day.

Gonorill.

Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art ſleepy ſtill.

Mumford.

Faith, and if you reaſon till to morrow,
You get no other anſwere at their hands.

'Tis

'Tis pitty two ſuch good faces
Should have ſo little grace betweene them.
Well, let us ſee if their huſbands with their hands
Can do as much as they do with their toungs.

Cambria.

I, with their ſwords they'l make your toung unſay
What they have ſaid, or elſe they'l cut them out.

King.

Too't, gallants, too't, let's not ſtand brawling thus.
[*Exeunt both armies.*

Sound Alarum: excurſions. Mumford *muſt chaſe* Cambria *away: then ceaſe.* *Enter* Cornwall.

Cornwall.

The day is loſt, our friends do all revolt,
And joine againſt us with the adverſe part:
There is no meanes of ſafety but by flight,
And therefore Ile to *Cornwall* with my queene. [*Exit.*

Enter Cambria.

Cambria.

I thinke, there is a devil in the campe hath haunted me to day: he hath ſo tired me, that in a maner I can fight no more.

Enter Mumford.

Zounds! here he comes, Ile take me to my horſe. [*Exit.*
[Mumford *followes him to the dore, and returnes.*

Mumford.

Farewel *(Welſhman)* give thee but thy due,
Thou haſt a light and nimble paire of legs:
Thou art more in debt to them then to thy hands:
But if I meet thee once againe to day,
Ile cut them off, and ſet them to a better heart. [*Exit.*

Alarums and excurſions, then ſound victory. *Enter* Leir, Perillus, King, Cordella, *and* Mumford.

King.

Thanks be to God, your foes are overcome,
And you againe poſſeſſed of your right.

Leir.

Leir.

First to the heavens; next, thanks to you, my ſonne,
By whoſe good meanes I repoſſeſſe the ſame:
Which if it pleaſe you to accept yourſelf,
With all my heart I will reſigne to you:
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
Firſt, have you raiſd, at your owne charge, a power
Of valiant ſouldiers (this comes all from you);
Next have you ventured your owne perſons ſcathe.
And laſtly (worthy *Gallia* never ſtaind),
My kingly title I by thee have gaind.

King.

Thank heavens, not me, my zeale to you is ſuch,
Commaund my utmoſt, I will never grutch.

Cordella.

He that with all kind love intreats his queene,
Will not be to her father unkind ſeene.

Leir.

Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
The modeſt anſwere, which I tooke unkind:
But now I ſee, I am no whit beguild,
Thou lovedſt me dearly, and as ought a child.
And thou *(Perillus)* partner once in woe,
Thee to requite, the beſt I can, Ile doe:
Yet all I can, I, were it ne're ſo much,
Were not ſufficient, thy true love is ſuch.
Thanks (worthy *Mumford)* to thee laſt of all,
Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall;
No, thou haſt lion-like laid on to day,
Chaſing the *Cornwall* king and *Cambria*;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I ſay?
To ſave their lives, the fugitives did play.
Come, ſonne and daughter, who bid me advaunce,
Repoſe with me a while, and then for *Fraunce*.

[*Sound drumes and trumpets. Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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